THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 31, 1929

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the BYSTANDER

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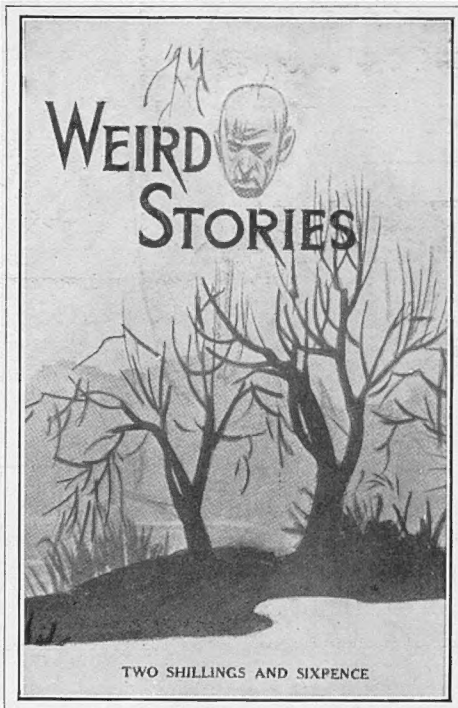

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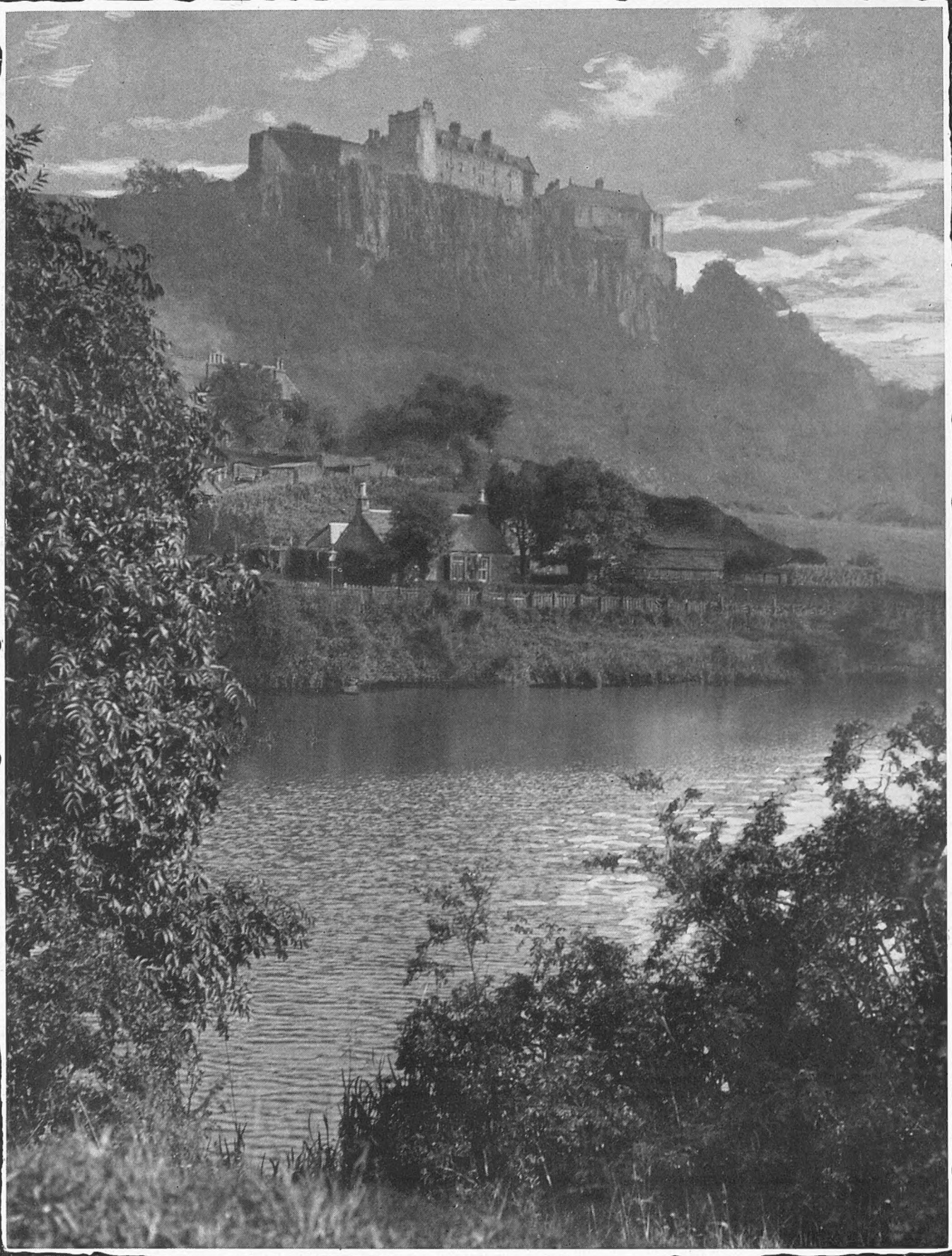
BYSTANDER

MISS POLLY WARD.

The daughter of Winifred Ward and niece of the Late Marie Lloyd is playing in "Wake Up and Dream", at the London Pavilion and also understudies Jessie Mathews. She recently married Mr Robert Freeman.

Raphael

IN THE LAND OF ALLAN WATER



Donald McLeish

Stirling Castle, the centre of many hard-fought battles, towering on its volcanic rock above the romantic Forth

The Passing Hour

THE LATEST WORD IN BATHING COSTUMES *Central News*

The girls—sorry, "bathing belles"—seen above are merely superimposed on a background showing the Isis, near Oxford. If they were really there the river would not look quite so empty!

Central Press

The Royal Garden Party

EVERYONE regretted that His Majesty's recent operation prevented him from mingling with the nine thousand guests who attended the Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace last week, but the note of optimism which now prevails concerning the King's steady improvement was noticeable on every side. The gardens of the Palace are a veritable *rus in urbe*, and the green lawns and shady trees provided a truly delightful setting, the marquees, chairs and bright dresses of the women all combining to lend a real country house touch to the surroundings. The Queen worked indefatigably, moving about among the many guests, and there can be no doubt that last Thursday's function, with its comparative informality, was a really successful and pleasant affair.

Our Polo Team for America

IN the polo world there is already considerable speculation upon the team to play against America at Meadowbrook next year. We were soundly trounced by the Americans in the last International match over there, a defeat that was partly attributed to Lord Wimborne and the selection committee. This time, I understand, sounder counsels will prevail. At Hurlingham and Ranelagh, where polo and ponies are subjects of conversation as unendingly pursued as politics at Westminster, the composition of the England team is already, according to polo gossip, an established fact, though the actual choice will not be decided upon until next season. However, rumour is not likely to be far out in its selection, for the four players talked of as forming the team are: Wing - Commdr. P. K. Wise, Captain C. H. Tremayne, Major Phipps-Hornby and Captain C. T. I. Roark.

£10,000 Worth of Ponies

COLONEL WISE and Captain Roark, who have both been playing for the Hurricanes this season, are two of the highest handicap players in the country, being assessed at nine goals. Captain Tremayne, who has been playing with the successful Old Etonians, has a handicap of seven, and

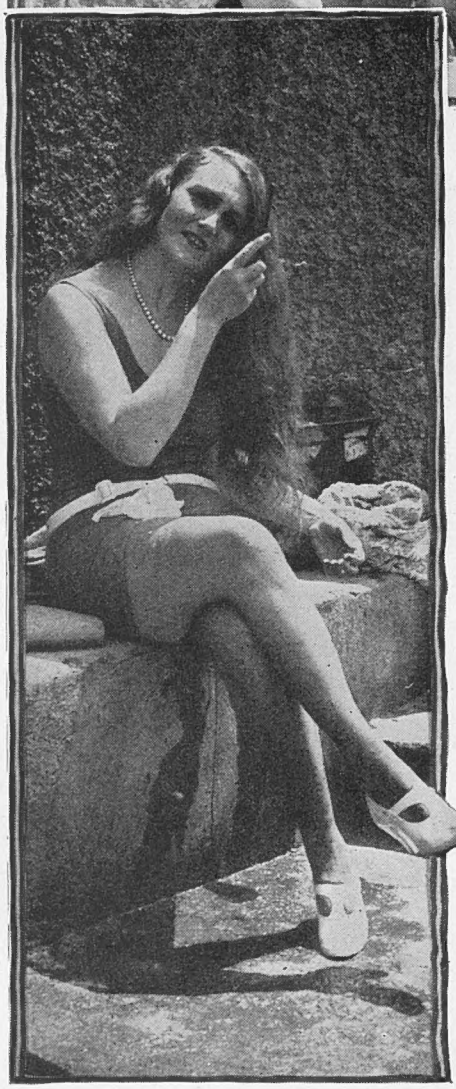
HOLIDAY SCENES IN LE

Sport and General

Lord and Lady Inverclyde (right), who are cruising in the Mediterranean on their yacht, seen on the beach at Cap d'Antibes. With them are two of their guests, Mrs. Ertz and Capt. Wombwell

A LITTLE ALFRESCO

An improvised "turn" that brightened up the proceedings at here in great numbers



Sport and General

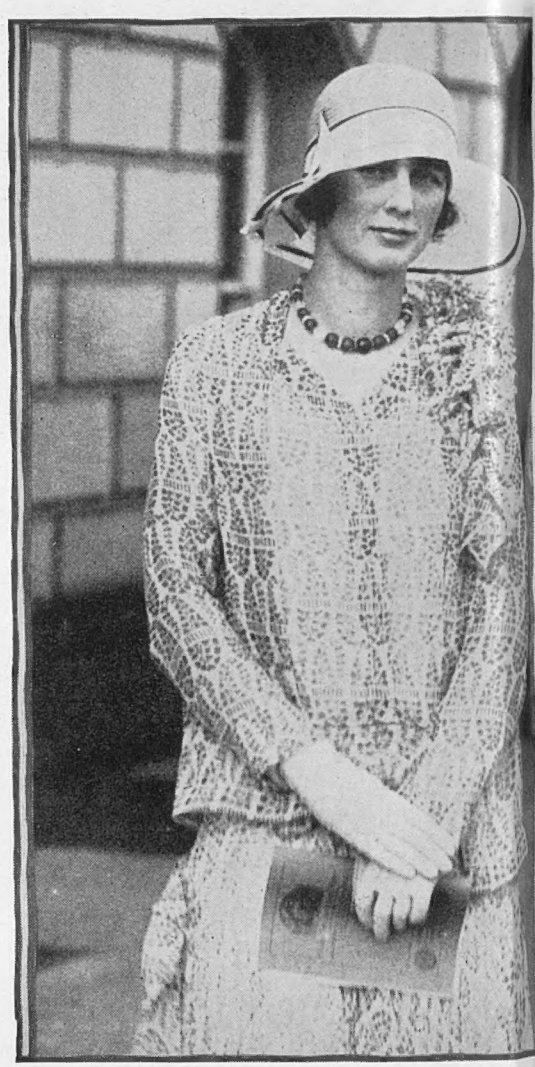
A RARE SIGHT

Mrs. Sidney Vandenburg combing her golden tresses after a swim at Cap d'Antibes. In these days of shorn locks this photograph must be unique

Major Phipps-Hornby, who has played with Mr. Alfred Grisar's Pilgrims, is eight. Captain Maurice Kingscote has been deputed by the International Committee to purchase the team's ponies, and there is perhaps no other man who knows more about them. It is said he knows the pedigree and form of every pony in the country. Already, I believe, the Committee have approved the purchase of the Marquis de Villabragima's stable, involving a sum not far short of £10,000. If they are sold after the International matches, which is usually the case, the Hurlingham Committee will certainly get their money back, for the Americans are always only too eager to buy our best ponies.

The Old Ladies Show Their Bonnets

I DO not think I realised, until a visit to Ranelagh on Saturday afternoon, that there is still an aspect of London that might well persuade one that the year was 1909 instead of 1929. The War has come and gone, Socialism has arrived, but at Ranelagh the band still plays in the stand amidst the garden as it has done for more than the past thirty years, and all around are those charming old ladies—almost, but not quite, in poke bonnets and bustles—to whom, I have no doubt, Ranelagh is as ordained a function as was, and to some extent still is, their appearance after Matins at Church Parade in Hyde Park. The sound of their rustling silk and satin, and, one could almost swear, sight of an elastic-sided boot, makes one, perhaps, a little more appreciative of the *chic* of



Lady Anne Cavendish, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Hunloke's father, Sir Philip Hunloke, has often

TOUQUET, ANTIBES AND CANNES

Sport and General

FUN AT LE TOUQUET

The Casino de la Forêt at Le Touquet. Visitors are flocking again this year

Sport and General

Visitors to the Casino de la Forêt putting in a little strenuous dancing before or after bathing. The music is provided by Gregor and his Gregorians

T. R. Board

Devonshire, with her fiancé, Mr. H. Hunloke. Mr. steered the Royal yacht Britannia to victory

modern clothes and modern elegance as personified by sight of Lady Louis Mountbatten, for instance, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe watching from the polo pavilion Lord Louis' team, Ads-dean, whose colours, incidentally, might suggest the smartest of summer frocks.

A Novelist on the Dole

GLITTERING in its richly ornate jacket, Mr. Gilbert Frankau's latest literary declaration is upon the bookstalls beneath a title that is a paraphrase of one of Mr. Noel Coward's songs. After his adventures in journalism it might have been thought that his new book would have something of the "Fourth Estate" in it, but he just contents himself with a passing reference to it in his preface: "Many of my British and possibly some of my vast American public—lately swollen, I am told, to at least one reader for every State of the Union (Mr. Frankau was never bashful of success)—may remember a recent adventure of mine in Fleet Street, London. And those who do may also remember how that adventure concluded in my being forced to accept the dole." Considering the amount of that dole most men might think themselves well "unemployed" for such a sum.

Russian Ballet in a London Garden

THE Egyptian Legation in Bute House was alive with red fezes, with here and there a green sash round it showing its owner had made the journey to Mecca, for the reception

Sport and General

"I HEAR YOU CALLING ME"

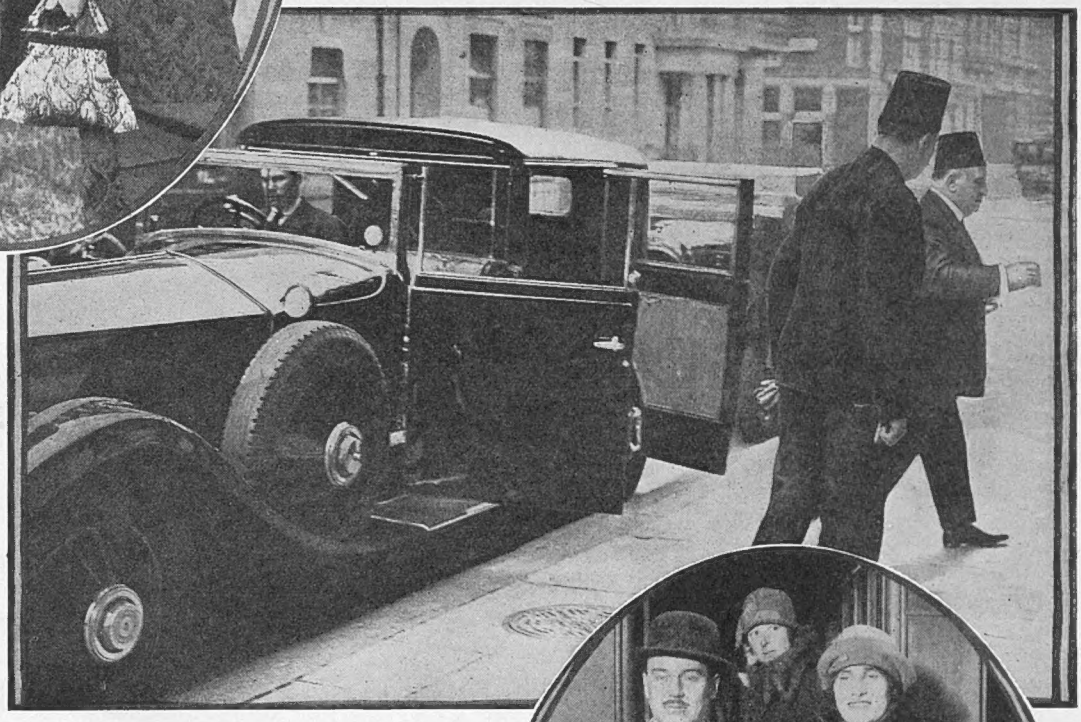
Miss Collins is obviously not so selfish as to keep all the pleasant things of life to herself. Hence her call to friends at Cannes to join her in the spray

LORD LLOYD, KING FUAD AND "EXTORTION"

Wide World Photos

A happy snap of the Prince of Wales just after he had landed from his 'plane at Burton-on-Trent. He signalised the occasion by brewing some extra strong and good "stuff"

given by the Egyptian Prime Minister, Mohamed Mahmoud Pasha. On the initiative, I imagine, of M. Georges Cattani, the second secretary at the Legation, four of the members of the Russian Ballet, including the delightful dancers Mme. Danilova and Serge Lifar, gave "Les Sylphides," though owing to the great number of guests I was so far back that the music was inaudible and the spectacle, set amidst a rose-trellised stage in the garden looking on Deanery Street, resembled more a film of the dance than an actual ballet.



King Fuad of Egypt leaving his Thrupp and Maberly Phantom Rolls-Royce on his arrival in London. His visit is of special interest now that Lord Lloyd has resigned his post as High Commissioner for Egypt

Lord Lloyd's Resignation

A GREAT deal could be said about Lord Lloyd's resignation. He is one of the very few of our statesmen to-day who realise what the British Empire should be, and does his best, calmly and efficiently, to achieve the ideal of the best that is Britain, ruling fairly and for *their* prosperity the Asiatic races who are not able to contend with the Occident on equal terms. It were cant to pretend otherwise. Moreover, Egypt owes her present prosperity entirely to Great Britain. Fifty years ago she was bankrupt and in a chaotic state. British brains, British genius for administration, British blood nobly given, and British capital have made Egypt prosperous, and the same thing applies to the Sudan. For years a certain mongrel type of *soi-disant* Egyptian, mostly of Levantine, Syrian or Arab extraction, has been "educated" in the ideas of democracy, in the belief that "Egypt for the Egyptians" was an attainable ideal—like Liberia for the Negroes, or Haiti for the West Indians. With that moral cowardice which always stigmatises our conduct of Empire affairs, none of our political leaders has had the pluck to tell the Egyptians what they should be told bluntly—that we who have made Egypt will hold it. The only alternative is to buy us out, lock, stock and barrel. We have sunk tens of millions of pounds in Egypt and have sacrificed thousands of lives for it. If the Egyptians want to jeopardise their country they must first of all settle up their liabilities. This, I believe, fairly well represents the views of Lord Lloyd.

"Uncle Arthur" and Egypt

IT doesn't, of course, suit the Socialists, because their great idea is to proclaim equality with all, Ethiopian and Negro, Tartar and quasi-Asiatic. They have not the upbringing or intelligence to realise that a flabbiness in foreign or Imperial affairs at once reacts on home prosperity, leads to unemployment, and is at once reflected in the pay-sheets of their own

Central News

Lord and Lady Lloyd, who recently returned from the Near East. The revelation that Lord Lloyd's resignation had been "extorted" raised a scene in the Commons last week

HYNES AT LARGE—HIS VIEW of Goodwood

"I SAY, OLD LAD, GOT A PERFECTLY MAH-VELLOUS KICK"

THE LABOUR PARTY AND EGYPT

fervent supporters. "Uncle Arthur" Henderson, a slow-witted, genial, but unimaginative man in a *milieu* where acute brains are a necessity, a duck out of water in the Foreign Office, "extorts," as Mr. Churchill rightly says, a resignation from Lord Lloyd because he is an Imperialist, whilst Socialism can only visualise the drab. The Socialist peers in the House of Lords the other night were savagely castigated by Lord Birkenhead, and richly they deserved it. The cat was soon let out of the bag. Egypt is to be granted internal Home Rule or independence in effect—like Ireland—no doubt to placate men like Maxton and delight King Fuad, who is mysteriously here at the moment.

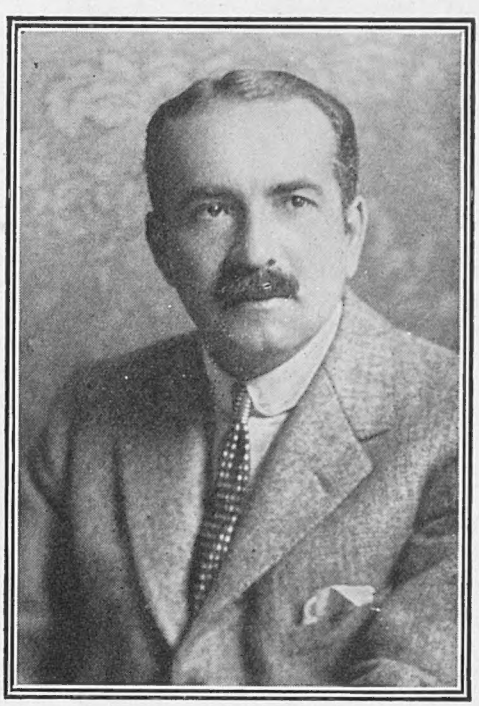
A WORLD-WIDE

Thousands of boys, representing fifty nations, have come to group of boys representing South Africa, Fiji, Cape Colony, Gambia and

It was the crass stupidity of Mr. Baldwin's leadership that put the Socialists in Office, and this is the first fruits. If we had had a Conservative leader of any character and reputation for the last five years Uncle Arthur would not have been in the position to angle for Lord Lloyd's resignation.

A NAVAL WEDDING L.N.A.

The Hon. Aileen Craig and Lieut.-Commander Robert Hood Linzee, R.N., leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding. The bride is the only daughter of Lord Craigavon, the Premier of Northern Ireland, and of Lady Craigavon, and her bridesmaids were her cousin, Miss Barbara Craig, Miss Frances Linzee, the bridegroom's sister, Miss Daphne Dixon and Miss Nancy Llewellyn, and Lord and Lady Carson's little son was a page



Marian Lewis

CAPT GEORGE DE PATAY

The well-known Hungarian landowner, who has been in London for the Season, is related to Her Majesty the Queen through the family of the Countess of Rhedey. He recently gave a dance at Prince's Gate, at which the Hon Mrs. Alfred Mulholland acted as hostess

TWO WEDDINGS OF THE MONTH

Central Press

BROTHERHOOD OF BOYS

this country to take part in the great Scout Jamboree at Liverpool. Above is seen a merry Kenya, the U.S.A., Australia, Switzerland, Great Britain, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, the Transvaal

Quick Pictures

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Mr. John Benn, the eldest son of Sir Ernest Benn, Bart., and of Lady Benn, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, Miss Ursula Hankey, the daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey and of Lady Hankey

The Harrogate Season

I PAID a short but very enjoyable visit to Harrogate last week in order to be present for a part of their festival of British music, the celerity with which I had to journey there and back being aided and abetted by the London & North-Eastern's Pullman express, which whipped me North and, after my brief sojourn at the Grand Hotel, reluctantly South again, with a minimum of fatigue and a maximum of comfort. Harrogate, I found, seems to be one town in the country unaffected by the drought. Its flowers are blooming, its lawns are green, and neither motor cars nor visitors are denied a bath! Not, however, that the supply of the medicinal waters is being diverted from its proper purposes to serve the town's ablutions, for London's water plight does not apply in Harrogate. Daily, new arrivals increase the numbers on the morning water walk. The Marquess of Headfort has prolonged his visit for the Royal Show in order to take the cure, and two other "hardened drinkers" at Harrogate now are Lord De L'Isle and Lord Rathdonnell.

Lenare

AFTER THE WEDDING

Mr. Francis Beaufort-Palmer and his bride, Mrs. Jessie Ferguson, only surviving daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Mason and of Mrs Mason

IN NEXT WEEK'S "BYSTANDER"

MAX BAKER, the great authority on shooting, writes on "Grouse Prospects."

DIANA BOURBON analyses that modern product, the "Gigolo."

HANNEN SWAFFER discourses on Cabarets.

SYLVIA LYND writes a short story entitled "The Good Solution."

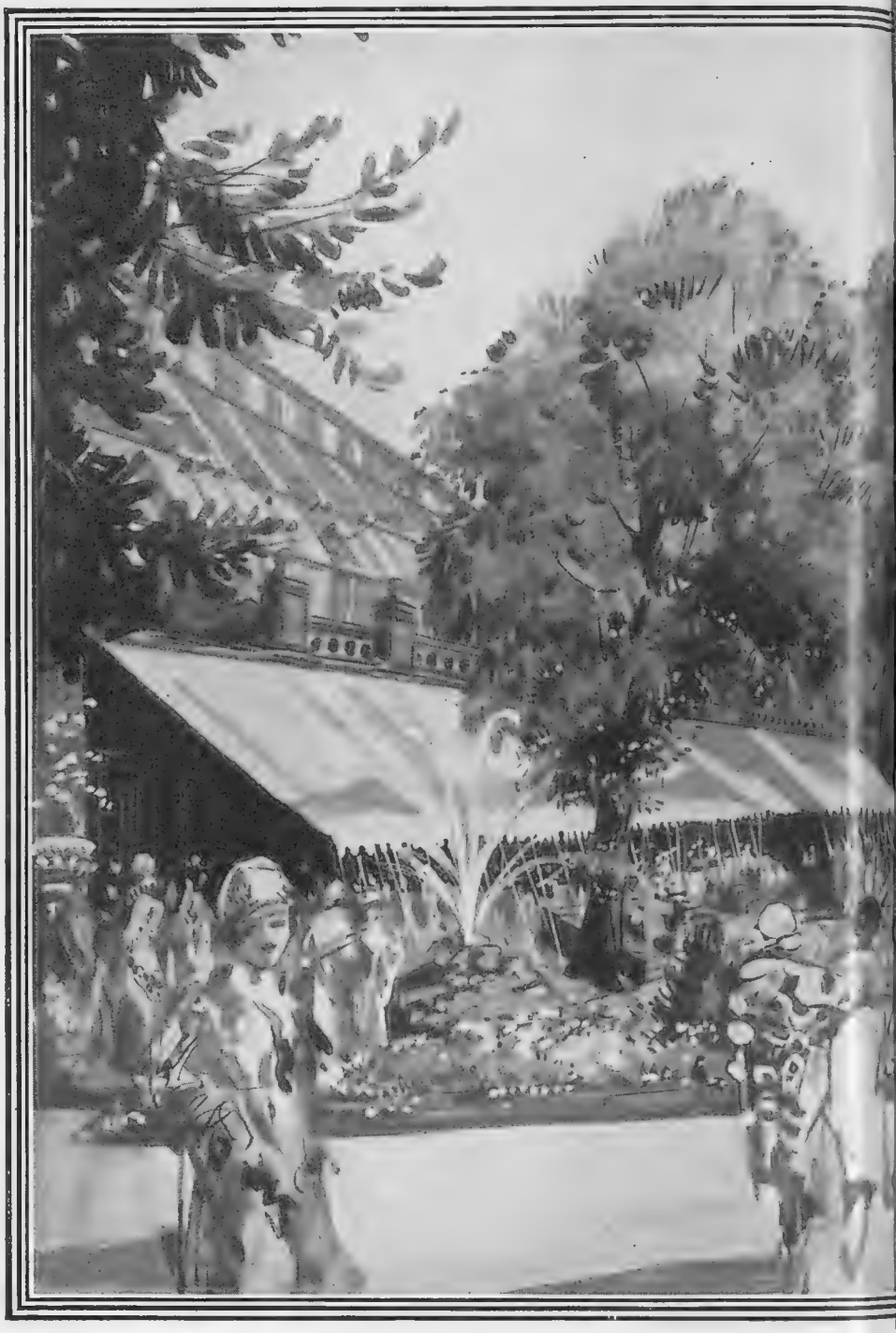
The other *Sylvia*—to wit, SYLVIA LYON—will prattle on "Parisian Spasms."

In addition to all the usual features there will be

MANY PAGES IN COLOUR

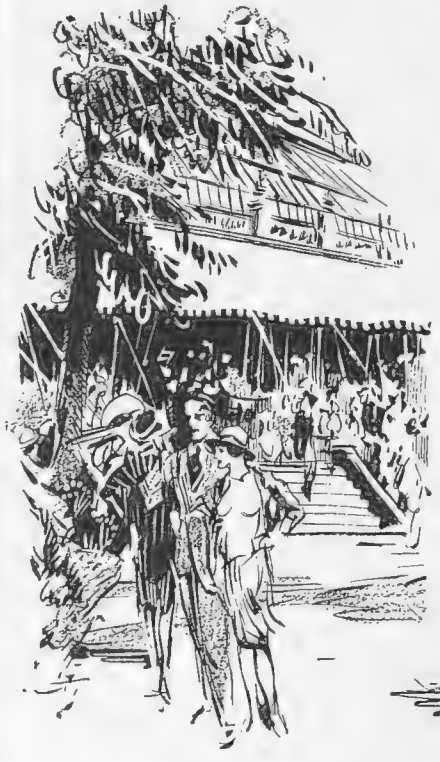
AT HARROGATE

The Royal Pump Room, where visitors repair to take the waters. The morning music begins at 7.30 a.m.



A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION

An impression of the lovely Royal Pump Room Gardens, at Harrogate

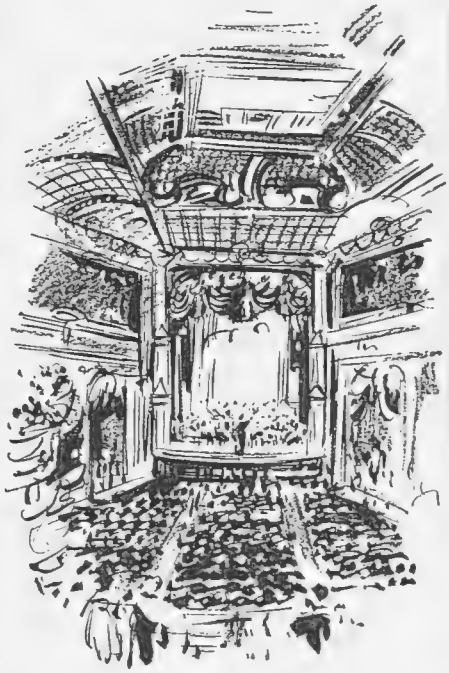


A glimpse of the charming Winter Gardens, where concerts take place at 10 o'clock every morning

during the SEASON

BY J. NICOLSON

A corner of the attractive Valley Gardens, one of the most popular places in the afternoon. The band plays here every day between lunch and tea



The interior of the fine Royal Hall, where concerts are staged in the auditorium, and dancing in the ball-room goes on into the small hours

COWARD'S TRIUMPH AND

Manon (Ivy St. Helier), known as La Crevette, the star of Herr Schlick's Viennese Café, ndulges in a song and dance

"Bitter Sweet," at His Majesty's

NOEL COWARD, author, lyric writer, composer and producer of *Bitter Sweet*, produced at His Majesty's Theatre, calls his play an "operette." In what an "operette" differs from an operetta I really do not know, but the change ot the final vowel seems to be important, for this production differs in many ways from any English play with music that I have ever seen. It differs still more greatly from any American musical play. But—and here gratitude must be extended to the author-composer-producer—so excellent is his work that, though it *is* a stranger, very few will feel inclined to "throw 'arf a brick at it!"

FOR once in a way here is a musical play with a charming story which would be good entertainment without one bar of music, and not only is there a story, but real characters carry it on. At the start the modern note—we are in 1929—is struck when we see a girl on the eve of her wedding about to give her bridegroom the slip and run away with the leader of a jazz band. Her secret is discovered by an old Marchioness who—is it a warning or an encouragement?—tells the pretty modern maiden the story of her life, and it is that story, in the main, which is the play.

IN cinema style we go back to 1870, and the same situation occurs, for we see the Marchioness, now Sarah Millick, wondering whether she will run away with her Austrian music master. He is leader of a band at a dance which is being given, and what settles her in her decision is when—all unwittingly—with eyes bandaged she catches him when playing blind man's buff. This ballroom scene is a perfect gem and full of dramatic touches which only a man with theatre in his blood could write. Added to the drama are beautiful dresses, a perfect stage setting, and the haunting refrains of waltz music. A first act of super-excellence.

THEN there is vivid contrast. Five years have passed and the dignity of Belgrave Square gives place to a Viennese Café. Sarah Millick is now Sari Linden, married to her music master, and a dancer at the Café where her husband conducts the orchestra. In this raffish place, with its florid decorations and clusters of gas lamps, tragedy ensues, for Sari's husband is killed in a duel with an Austrian officer who was under the impression that Sari was as of easy virtue as the ladies of the town present there on business. Another admirable act made the more entertaining by some first-rate character sketches.

ONCE more a jump. We are in 1895. Gone are the women's bustles, and in their place are the balloon sleeves of the period. Sari is now a famous *prima donna*, and at the Marquess of Shayne's house, in London, she accepts his proposal of marriage, though still holding dear the memory of her first husband, while a final scene brings us back with a jarr and a jazz to the present day, where, the story having been told, Miss 1929 in her turn is left to make her choice.

AND at the back of it all certain questions obtrude themselves. Did human nature differ in 1870 from 1929? Were dresses in the old days any less beautiful than they are to-day? Was the old-fashioned melody less charming than the biff and bang of modern music? All these may be a matter of opinion, but in one thing the present can assuredly beat the past, and that is, that in the 'seventies there was no one living who could have written, composed and produced, a musical play of such outstanding merit.

Sarah Millick (Peggy Wood) elopes with Carl Linden

A HARDY HASH

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

Illustrations of "Bitter Sweet," at His Majesty's Theatre
By H. H. HARRIS

Herr Schlick (Clifford Heatherley), the café proprietor, being "sauced" by Gussi (Norah Howard), a cheery cocotte

WITH such fine material at hand it is no wonder that there were acting successes. As the Marchioness, both in age and youth, Peggy Wood, a newcomer, played and sang beautifully. George Metaxa has a fine voice and revealed unexpected powers of acting as Carl Linden. Ivy St. Helier, as a café comedienne, in love with Carl, scored a personal triumph, and her sobs when Carl is killed were so real that for a moment the house was silent when the curtain fell at the end of the second act. These three have the most to do, but some excellent work in minor parts was put in by Clifford Heatherley in a dual rôle, Austin Trevor, Alan Napier and Millie Sim, Betty Huntley Wright, Marjorie Rogers and Norah Howard, as four far-from-being-virgins of Vienna.

I CLAIM no originality when asking the question, "What's in a name?" What prompts me to make this inquiry, which I shall answer myself, is the revival of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* at the Duke of York's Theatre. There *is* quite a lot in a name, for I am convinced that had this play been written by a nonetity it would never have been accepted by any management—much less revived.

(George Metaxa), a violinist with himself as a beau

THIS revival provides something in the nature of a "stunt," in that the name-part is played by one who has been lured from the wilds of Wessex, where she has appeared as Tess *en amateur*, and much to the satisfaction of the late author. But to play a leading *rôle* before a village audience is rather different from appearing in the West End. The amateur in question is Gertrude Bugler, and she may be the living Tess of Hardy's dreams, but that she can *act* the part—as distinct from looking it or even *being* it is a matter of opinion on which I hold strong views.

THIS attempt to fit a character with one who looks it but has not learnt the job of acting has been experimented with in the past with disastrous results. Tree tried it in *Trilby* and secured a Little Billie who was the very spit of the Du Maurier drawings. In less than no time a change was made, and H. V. Esmond, who did not look the part but *could* act, was seen at the Haymarket Theatre.

TO give anyone a leading part who has had little or no experience is also unfair to actors and actresses who know their job. In this case my sympathy went out to Barbara Gott, Martin Lewis, and Lawrence Anderson, who have many scenes with this amateur Tess. Their task was made all the harder because of the inexperience of the principal. Certain sections of the Press seem to have appreciated this actress's performance, but I, for one, decline to blow the trumpet of this Bugler. V. W.

AT THE CIVIL AVIATION BALL

BY MUNDO

Some well-known people who were caught by our caricaturist at the Civil Aviation Ball at Grosvenor House recently. At the top left is seen Colonel Norman Thwaites, C.B.E., facing whom is the well-known dancing teacher, Santos Casani. Just below are seen the hirsute features of Willie Clarkson, the theatrical costumier and Bernhardt devotee, and lower down on the left is the Nawab Sir Ulma Hayat Khan, K.C.S.I., watching Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker treading a measure with a fair partner. In the left-hand corner Lord Elibank and Lady Bailey are enjoying a smoke and a yarn, whilst on the right is seen the immaculate figure of Major Ogilvie Davis

Musical Comedy À La Coward

By Hannen Swaffer

Charles Cochran has proved one thing over *Bitter Sweet*—if he took his courage in his hands now he could put British musical comedy really on the map. It was his belief in it that made Noel Coward's operette a theatrical possibility. Then he spared nothing.

His boast that he will make £20,000 out of the London run may be justified. I need not accept too seriously his statement that the talkie rights may be worth £100,000; that he would not take £100,000 himself for a share of all the profits; or that he thinks Noel will make £250,000 before he is through.

After all, Ann Nichols made only about £200,000 out of *Abie's Irish Rose*, and that was a record breaker. It toured five companies at a time all over America, and turned one-night stands into a three weeks' run. The film was a failure, and that was the end of it.

Romance has just been sold as a talkie, and *Bitter Sweet* is the same sort of plot. There is not much of a theme song in Coward's show. It has pleasant, charming music, transcribed by Elsie April, and orchestrated by I. A. de Orellana. Miss April took the harmonies down note by note, as Noel composed them. In some cases she takes them down from composers who whistle them or hum them over. Noel, of course, can play them over himself.

The play rights of *Bitter Sweet* do not seem worth much in Germany or Austria, where the "Viennese" music would not sound true. I doubt its universal value. For New York the show will want a "punch."

The plot of *Bitter Sweet*, spoiled as it is now and then by crudities of humour, is interesting. The characterisation is varied, and there are several dramatic incidents which make it far above the average musical play. It is the staging, though—the realism of the scene in a Viennese *café* where a duel takes place and the hero is killed—that puts the show over.

Now, if Charles Cochran can do this with a modest operette, what could he do if, practising by his experience of revue at the London Pavilion, he takes hold of two or three English musical comedies, one after the other, and stages them with that lavishness in which he delights, and with skill which he will buy wherever it is to be found?

Sasha

NOEL COWARD

Who has scored yet another triumph with his operette, "Bitter Sweet," which made so big a success when it was recently produced at His Majesty's Theatre

We had the usual sparkle of a Cochran first night. All the Young Things were there and the Smart Set. It was an "event." There was the glamour of a record success at Manchester, a big deal, the Noel Coward dazzle, the rush for seats. I love those evenings!

Cochran himself stood proudly in the *foyer* at the start, perspiring a little, his white rose wilting in the heat, tired of hand-shaking, modestly certain of success. I fervently hope that he has got it. There is still time for him to make certain of a great public by cutting out one bawdy joke, which, by the way, is a very old one, and one song sung by four girls, and another by four pallid youths. Operette audiences, drawn to a theatre by the desire to see charm and sweetness, will be frightened away by those little bits if the news gets round. *Bitter Sweet* is good enough without them. Although I was a little bored now and then, the public will not feel that way.

After all, George du Maurier's drawings came back to life. In one scene, well acted, charmingly dressed by Gladys Calthrop, perfectly posed when the characters stood still, it was the 'nineties made living again. That interests us all.

Everyone will enthuse over Professor Ernst Stern's contribution to the staging, the most realistic set I have ever seen in a musical play, a real *café* scene with every little chorus part at the back well acted, every detail right. That was a revelation.

It was the first act that was a little tiresome. If modern young men talk like those in the play they should not do so on the stage. They must be boring enough at home. Wit is needed there, instead of blah! however realistic it may be.

Then the two scenes that follow drag a little. There is an anti-climax. Afterwards, however, the night lights of Vienna gave us a most pleasant thrill.

It is certainly an achievement for a young man like Coward—a man who has worked his way up from nothing

TWO SUCCESSES IN "BITTER SWEET." THE COCHRAN—COWARD MUSICAL PLAY

IVY ST. HELIER AS MANON

C. B. Cochran has concluded a record deal with the libraries over "Bitter Sweet," and says that Noel Coward will net about £250,000, including talkie rights, royalties, music and gramophone royalties, etc. He puts his own share at the modest estimate of a mere £20,000

PEGGY WOOD AS SARAH MILLICK

by sheer hard work and enthusiasm—to have his name on the programme at His Majesty's show as author, composer and producer. I know he has been helped. Cochran wrote me, weeks ago, about the great stage knowledge that Stern had shown. After all, years with Reinhardt has taught him much. I know that Ivy St. Helier, who scored the great success of the evening, pushing the American leading lady, Peggy Wood, right into the background, does at private parties the same sort of show she did on the stage. Still, Noel had written for her a finely etched part, full of character, and with two moments of real drama. His versatility is surprising; his energy and enthusiasm are tremendous. George M. Cohen, in America, does more, but he is the Stage's most versatile man.

Now, much of *Bitter Sweet* was more than worthy. What it needed was merely someone to say, "Noel, put a punch in there!" or "Cut that bit!"

That is what the English musical stage lacks. It has the authors, it has the composers, and it has the artists—so many artists, indeed, that Norah Howard, little known though she is, burst out into public as the comedienne some of us have known her to be for some years.

Cochran's belief has been colossal. Every little part was well cast. Where most managers would have got anybody to come on, he has paid people £20 or £30 a week just for a few minutes' work.

I REGARD *Bitter Sweet* as more than it seems to be on the surface. So far, Cochran has not made much money out of musical comedy, although his productions of *Carminetta* and *Afgar* were both far out of the ordinary. Now, he has definitely stamped himself as the man who should stand up and fight for a place in the sun for our musical comedy writers and composers.

Someone has to do it, for America is now drying up. His chance is here. I only hope to heaven that he will take it.

Let him get Coward to do another show.

H. S.

SHOWS WORTH SEEING

Comedy. **HAYMARKET. "The First Mrs. Fraser." First-class writing by St. John Ervine and first-class acting by Marie Tempest and Henry Ainley, etc.—and a good etc., too!**

Operette. **HIS MAJESTY'S. "Bitter Sweet." Enclosed herewith are full particulars.**

Farce. **ALDWYCH. "A Cup of Kindness," mixed by Ben Travers and retailed by Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn and Co. The mixture as before.**

Thriller. **AMBASSADORS. "Rope." Sadistic, but a very strong yarn.**

Musical Comedy. **HIPPODROME. "Mr. Cinders." Quite English and quite good.**

Somewhat Serious. **ROYALTY. "The Matriarch." A study in Jewish life. Mrs. Patrick Campbell superb.**

BY WILL OWEN

"So you haven't managed to set the Thames on fire, you young scamp?"
"No, Sir. I've come home for more matches"

IF GOSSIP WE MUST

Sport and General

The Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, who has been appointed Captain-General of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, who are also known as the Royal Company of Archers. He succeeds the late Lord Rosebery in this office

THE Parliamentary Recess will have been welcomed by none more heartily than by the members of the Government. The fruits of Office have proved not a little indigestible, and the condition has not been helped by the vigilance of the Opposition parties. They have, indeed, been kindness itself. Mr. Churchill with gentle banter has done his best to keep up their spirits—not least those of that modest baronet, Sir Oswald Mosley, charged with the Chancellorship of the Duchy, the henchman of Mr. Thomas. Mr. Lloyd George has pressed for the facts and not the frills of the unemployment schemes. For his cross-examination of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Snowden even the ranks of Tuscany, in the shape of the *Morning Post,* could scarce forbear to cheer.

LAMENT À LA RUSSE

Trotsky, writing from Prinkipo to the *Daily Herald,* says that the reason he is barred from landing in England is owing to the lies spread about him by the Secret Police.

TO say that your poor little Trotsky,
Now exiled on fair Prinkipo,
Can't land on your shores is all rotsky
For, as you undoubtedly know,
I'm as mild as a dear little lambsky
Who loves every man, high or low;
In fact, my career proves I amsky,
An angel of Peace—down below.

Have I ever done anyone harmsky?
Have I ever once broken my word?
To say I'm a cause for alarmsky
Is palpably wrong and absurd.
If with blood both my hands are stained redsky
Don't blame me for the deaths that occurred—
Although I was once Che-Ka's headsky
On the side of compassion I erred.

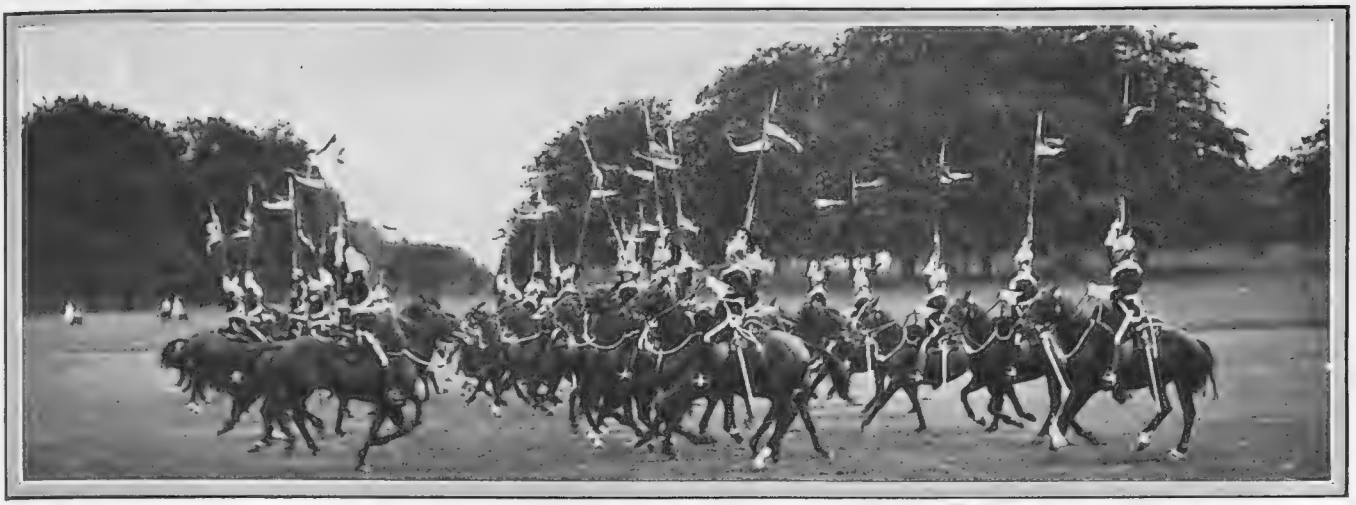
To my Heraldic "comrides" I writesky,
And say that this nonsense must cease;
I'm a mild-minded man, not a Nietzsche,
With a love that does daily increase.
English statesmen cannot be so madsky
As to listen to Secret Police,
So offer the hand that is gladsky,
To Trotsky, the Angel of Peace! B. W.

THE Conservative leaders are quaint fish. Not content with having squandered an enormous majority which they never obtained on their own merits, not content with shackling the Party with absurd pledges coined by Mr. Baldwin, they are now adamant on one issue alone—not to encourage Lord Beaverbrook on the one creative issue that will cement the Tories and bring a great deal of support from business men like Lord Melchett, Sir Harry McGowan, and others. That is "Free Trade Within the Empire." Sir John Ferguson, who, among other big business positions, has been President of the Institute of Bankers, has hauled up "Free Trade Within the Empire" as his ensign in fighting Twickenham, and will certainly win the seat hands down. For the first time for many years there is fervour at Twickenham, there is enthusiasm. Meetings are packed, and suddenly the Goddess of Discord, in the robust form of Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, of the Central Unionist Office, boycotts Sir John. It is enough to make the gods in Olympus hold their sides with splitting laughter.

EXCOMMUNICATED! Solemnly abjured with bell and candle. And why? Because Mr. Baldwin, says the dear old *Morning Post,* is tied by his dead-as-mutton pledges which lost the General Election. The *Morning Post* does not say that is why the Tories were kicked out, but they know it well enough. Why on earth Conservatives should be shackled by Mr. Baldwin's pledges which he renews and shoves over—along with other ethics of Liberalism one moment and Socialism the other—is difficult to understand. Anyway, before long the revolt against the present leadership will come to a head. Mr. Baldwin and his wretched pledges must go. The Augean Stable in Parliament Mansions must be cleaned up, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who says truly that the result of the Election has been to free the Party from all the pledges and conditions it imposed on itself—rather which Mr. Baldwin imposed on it—speaks for the great majority. The triumphant return of Sir John Ferguson will spell the death-knell of ancient Toryism.

He: "I never associate with my
She: "I don't know. I've never

LIKE the instalments of a best-selling thriller, you never know



Cavalry rehearsing a ride for the forthcoming Tidworth Searchlight Tattoo. It will take place from August 3 to August 8 inclusive

By Leslie Butler

inferiors—do you?"
met any of your inferiors!"

what will happen next. It may be the Conservatives will be applauding Mr. Thomas for giving public money to private enterprise like any bloated Capitalist Minister; or it may be the remnants of Gladstonian Liberalism, remembering Garibaldi and a long line of ex-monarchs, uniting with the Reds in demanding that Trotsky shall be given the right of sanctuary here. (Liberals always put things like that; that's why they're where they are.) Or you may have Mr. Maxton, who, incidentally, is better than he looks and personally well-liked in the House, being embarrassingly frank about election pledges. There was his first speech, for instance, which could hardly be excelled for simple defiance to party loyalty. "I would be dishonest if I did not express my complete dissatisfaction not only with the King's Speech but with Mr. Thomas's remarks at the beginning of the debate."

Raphael

Frances MacMaddox, the clever entertainer, who, after a success at the Café de Paris, is amusing guests at the Café Anglais preparatory to going to Biarritz. She comes from Hollywood, where she was playing in the Philharmonic Orchestra

Joan Craven

MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT

Who plays the part of Alice in "The First Mrs. Fraser," the brilliant St. John Ervine comedy at the Haymarket. She is a descendant of Sir Walter Scott, and is only seventeen years old

RAILWAY DINING IN DISCOMFORT

Pacific and Atlantic

BEAUTIES OF MADRID

A group of lovely Spanish girls who took part in a Beauty Competition in Madrid. British girls must look to their laurels if these senoritas are typical of their race

By B. E. McD.

"So I said, 'Leave off, Mr. Moxen, *please*,' I said, 'It's after half-past five *now*,' I said"

ONE of the advantages which railways have over charabancs is that meals can be served *en route*, but they hardly seem to make the most of their opportunities. During the hot weather I found on a journey that the restaurant car meals were served in stuffy surroundings with the usual unappetising soup, flabby fish, tough joint and flavourless vegetables, topped by some tinned fruit, and that this was considered an ideal dinner with the temperature at about 80° in the shade and 110° in the dining car. If one could not face this fare there were, of course, "light refreshments," and an attendant was doing his unavailing best to sell to perspiring passengers anæmic oranges and packets of chocolate. Yet raspberries, cherries, strawberries are all in season; while ices of all sorts can be bought in shops or from boys on carriers in the London streets! When *will* the railways learn to cater?

THE Boxing Tournament which Harry Preston promotes annually in aid of the Sussex Hospitals did not beat record this year, but in spite of difficulties encountered these charities benefited by over two thousand pounds. It must, however, be understood that this was the gross amount taken. Had the expenses been deducted it would have been much less; the generous promoter pays all these out of his own pocket.

CANNES, I fancy, will be the King-pin of the numerous summer resorts of the Riviera. "The City of King Edward" the Cannois like to call it. They have two new cubist hotels—the Miramar and the Martinez, shining white palaces on the east end of the Croisette, and on the far eastern point is the Palm Beach Casino, also new since April.

The views from the terraces of this casino, both towards the sea and northwards to the slopes of the Alpes Maritimes, are magnificent. Many yachts will be anchored nearby during August. Among the Londoners who have taken villas at

Man Nell

A new study of Miss Evelyn Jannings, who plays the vamp in "Love Lies," at the Gaiety Theatre. This all-British musical play affords abundant proof that a really good show has nothing to fear from the Cinema—talkies or no talkies!

THE AMBASSADOR AND THE AMBROSIAL LIQUID

Wide World Photos

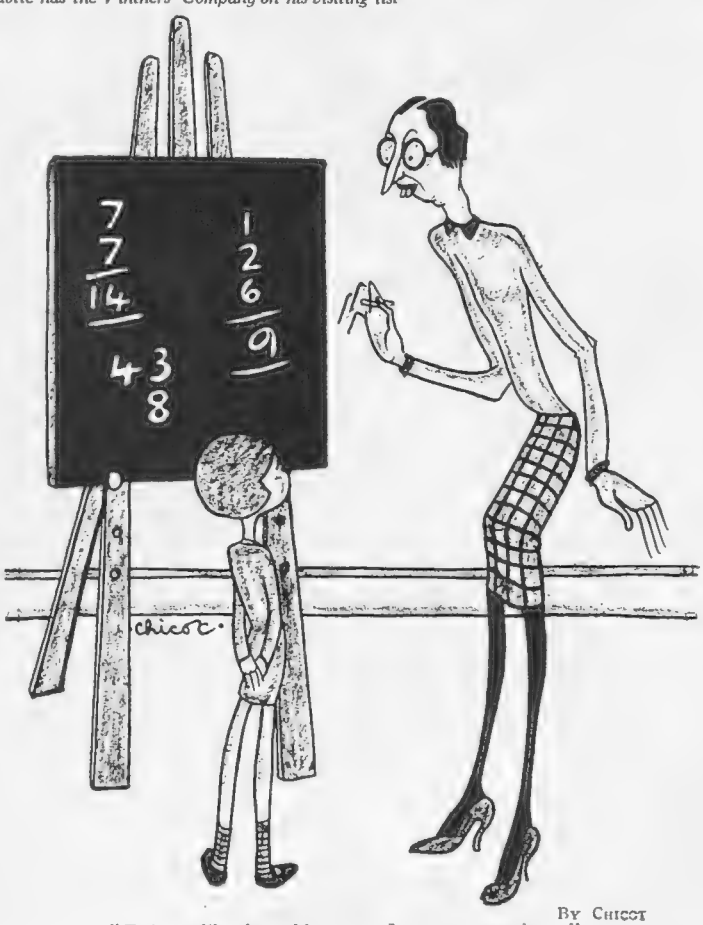
GENERAL DAWES AND THAT WICKED WINE

This piquant picture shows the American Ambassador, General Dawes, fraternising with wine porters on his arrival at Vintners' Hall. It intrigues us to speculate why the Ambassador of the Prohibitionist Republic has the Vintners' Company on his visiting list

Cannes are Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Cornelius, who have been abroad since the former Lady Northesk was married to her diplomat husband at the Savoy Chapel.

THIS wedding was a merry affair — or rather the ensuing reception, with champagne and good wishes. The former Jessica Brown has had a real social success in London. What I found so piquant about her second marriage was the fact that Lord Northesk appeared at a luncheon party given by Mrs. Campbell Heathcote, one of the bride's dearest friends.

INFINITE London can provide many ways of whiling away even a hurried Saturday afternoon. In an orchard in Shepherd's Bush a tennis court was used for a tourney between the stars of the Reeves-Smith group of hotels — the Savoy, the Berkeley, and Claridge's.



By CHICOT

"Did you like that white sweet I gave you, teacher?"
"Yes, dear, it was very nice."
"Well, it was pink once!"

Raphael

A graceful pose by Mme. Nikitina, of the Russian Ballet. She is seen in the new ballet, "The Ball," which was produced recently at Covent Garden

Handsome silver cups were prizes, and fervour ran high among the Swiss and Italians. *Bambini* of the latter disported themselves among the tea tables. Amid the spectators I saw the picturesque Mr. Cunninghame Graham, the author, who had come to cheer the Berkeley players.

BY FOUET

CURRIED PRAWNS: THE COLONEL CALLS FOR MORE PEPPER

FILM NOTES

UNDER EXAMINATION

Mary Dugan (Norma Shearer) being questioned by Edward West (Lewis Stone) and the District Attorney (H. B. Warner) in the great trial scene

ACQUITTING MARY DUGAN

By Lady Eleanor Smith

"The Trial of Mary Dugan," at the Empire

"ON Trial" has undoubtedly stolen a little of the thunder from the Metro-Goldwyn's version of this famous stage-play; the former talkie accustomed us more or less to the bizarre and dubious customs of the American murder trial, with the result that nowadays, so *blasé* have we become, that even the amusing oath administrator, who invariably barks like a dog when he invites witnesses to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, no longer arouses the usual peal of hearty merriment from the spectators.

AT the same time, heaven forbid that I should either commit a crime or be accused of committing one while in America. Even the minor discomforts of the accused—cross-examination, for instance, by the district attorney, who thrusts a grinning face within an inch of the prisoner's while he brandishes his fist before the eyes of this unfortunate, seem to be utterly unendurable and not very far removed from the methods of the Spanish Inquisition. The violent and public and quite irrelevant squabbles between rival counsel, which apparently take place before a judge who is not annoyed but only pleasantly amused by such displays, are another eloquent sidelight upon justice as it is administered in the United States. The film itself is an excellent example of the photographed stage-play, and as such is rather a step backwards in the history of the talking-picture, for the very good reason that until talkies develop a technique

MARY DUGAN AFTER THE ACQUITTAL

"THE LIVING CORPSE" AND "THE DESERT SONG"

Olive Borden and John Boles as the lovers, seen in an intriguing incident in the new film, "Virgin Lips." This film is a drama of romance, daring and adventure

of their own, instead of borrowing shamelessly from the theatre, they will always continue to be but a poor and lifeless imitation of that same theatre.

"THE Trial of Mary Dugan" is, however, too good a story to suffer much in its too faithful translation to the screen, and it is, furthermore, remarkable for the extreme sophistication of its heroine, who is what is usually known as a "bad woman"—which is to say that she supports herself by receiving money from men who are her lovers. A few years ago in the history of the cinema it would have been considered impossible to portray such a person upon the screen, for although the Manons and Dubarries and Nell Gwyns got away with it, it was an understood convention that the modern heroine, as opposed to the modern vampire, must inevitably be pure as the driven snow. If the talkies are responsible for shattering so splendidly the absurd and misleading conviction that the hero always reaches the villain's door in time to save the heroine from "worse than death," we have certainly one very good reason for applauding this new invention.

To return to "Mary Dugan." I do not propose to relate in any detail a story the essential quality of which is mystery, but I cannot refrain from observing that the jury, otherwise the audience, finally acquitted the lady amid storms of enthusiasm. Norma Shearer, as Mary herself, looked handsome and acted with great charm, but the two best performances of the evening were given by that brilliant pair, Messrs. H. B. Warner and Lewis Stone, in the respective *rôles* of district attorney and counsel for the defence.

"The Living Corpse," at the Hippodrome

THIS Pro Patria production, which is just as gloomy as its title would lead you to suppose, is mainly remarkable for presenting in the leading *rôle* that famous pet of the highbrows, Pudovkin, the Russian director. Monsieur Pudovkin, a small, nervous-looking man with bright eyes, plays the part of a husband who longs to divorce his wife, but who objects to the squalor of what is known as "manufactured evidence." This gentleman toys with the idea of suicide as a solution to his marital problems, but is prevented from shooting himself by a gipsy dancer, who persuades him to counterfeit death by leaving his garments on the river's edge while he himself disappears and his wife marries again. He is discovered some years later, and both he and his ex-wife are arrested on a charge of bigamy, the punishment for which is exile to Siberia. Unable to endure this prospect, he blows out his brains in the court-room.

IT is impossible to describe the sordid gloom and pessimism with which this film is saturated. The characters wander very slowly about the set, wearing expressions of desperate misery, and we are treated to a long episode in the local morgue, where the wife carefully examines various corpses in the hope of identifying her husband. Fortunately, the photography is much above the average, while the scenes of the gipsy feast are full of colour and vitality. The depressing story is well and capably acted by Pudovkin, Gustav Dissen, and Maria Jacobini, the last-named being a statuesque beauty of the Alice Joyce type.

"The Desert Song," at the Regal

IF you are willing to believe that a girl, apparently in full possession of her faculties, can actually fail to recognise her lover whenever he chooses to slip a narrow mask over his eyes, then I suppose you will enjoy "The Desert Song." It seemed to me a very ridiculous and melodramatic business indeed, but then so did the stage version, which I saw (under protest) at Drury Lane. Of the two the film is undoubtedly the better entertainment. It is pleasant to listen to the Riffs singing as they gallop over the desert, and Miss Myrna Loye, who plays the half-caste girl, is a siren of great personal allure. I cannot think of any other reasons for advising readers to see this film.

E. S.

Sasha

A BRITISH STAR

Mabel Poulton, who is one of the leading British film actresses. She scored a great hit in "The Return of the Rat" with Ivor Novello

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

IT HAPPENED LIKE THAT

by

Eva Tytler

Illustration by
FRANK OLDHAM

"He buried his nose in the violets. 'Exquisite!' he mumbled"

HARRIET CRAYFIELD awoke gradually to a sense of pleasant anticipation. She lay, wriggling her toes, in an atmosphere of mental and bodily warmth. The October sun gilded the counterpane, the walls, and the ceiling of her bedroom. Everything was bathed in a rosy golden light. The warmth caressed her; to stretch was ecstasy. She remembered other mornings that had dawned as pleasantly. The morning when she first knew that she was in love; that she was grown up at last, the heroine of a romance—*une femme fatale*. Then she had lain wrapt in the same sensuous lethargy, while little thrills of anticipation had rippled up and down her body; she had stroked her skin, and yawned behind a hand curved as she had read Robert Chambers's heroines curved theirs.

ABSURD!—all that nonsense was finished with. This was different. It was the spirit that mattered, the ecstasy of the mind. All the furious urge, that had dissipated itself in futile affairs, she had disciplined and driven to be her servant. Now she had her work; moreover, it had been recognised. She was to lunch that day with one of the best-known critics in the country. He had asked her to call and see him. She yawned behind a little curved hand.

The sunlight, streaming in through the moving branches of the trees outside the window, flowed like water across the ceiling. As a child she had lain and watched the dissolving light and shade. It had been one of her games to imagine it a stream, or a wood where figures passed, joined hands, and danced across a stage. From her little bed in the nursery she could see herself in the glass when it was tilted at the right angle. She remembered adjusting it, pattering to and fro from bed to dressing-table to get it just right, and gravely regarding her features therein. Something would surely happen to them; her hair would suddenly start to grow curly and long enough to toss over her shoulder, like Ida Redway's. Her nose would grow straight. People would say, "Gracious! That's never Harriet? Why, how pretty she's grown!"

They sent her to school in Paris—*cette ville de luxe et de luxure*. How many 75-centime novelettes she had devoured, and imagined herself the heroines! Women had figures in those days. She had worn a very *chic* blue *tailleur—sa taille bien prise dans son corset*—the phrase danced before her eyes out of some history of light love. She, too, had walked *svelte* and alluring through the Bois, a bunch of Parma violets (Magasins du Louvre, 1f. 50c.) pinned in her jacket. She had even been followed in the Metro. One Sunday, returned from a concert, she had stepped on to the balcony into the melancholy of a September evening. A little man, like Max Linder, was standing under the lamp on the opposite side of the street. He had blown a kiss to her.

In the holidays she went roller skating. There had been a Jew boy with red hair, and her skating instructor who smelt of peppermints. And then Tony, her first real love affair, a Public School boy who stayed at the same private hotel. They wrote to each other for years.

PARIS again—the Pension Fleurie—and the Italian commercial. She had slipped into his room on her way from her bath to the room she shared with her mother. He kissed her, and she promised to go away with him. But her mother went scouting in the corridor and caught her leaving his room—"Too dreadful—like a street woman." But she wanted to be a *demi-mondaine*, a

(All rights strictly reserved)

Dame aux Camellias, wrapped in furs and surrounded by men—irresistible, *moqueuse*.

She got up and started to dress, smiling at herself in the glass. She slipped into her *crêpe de Chine* undies; she still liked pretty things. Her mother had always made her wear woollen combinations—how she had revelled in the lacy chemise she bought with her first dress allowance! That was the winter they spent in the South, when she met Jenks, the elderly writer, who put her gently in her place when she made love to him, and tried to educate her. He lent her books, and talked about his own. Even then she had had "ideas," good enough for him to use, at any rate; she had given him a good title for a novel. In return he made her use her eyes—to see with, and gave her a sense of style.

Then came marriage. She had danced into that all right—at a Primrose League garden party, too, of all places. And she had got the pink and black bedroom she had wanted so much. Heavens! how that combination of colours sickened her now! But marriage was not a life-long honeymoon. One was married, and that was that. Further, Englishman don't make love seriously to their friends' wives. Even the men she picked up in cinemas treated her with the greatest respect

SHE was so eager for love. It is possible that the hungry light in her eyes frightened them. For she was not really unattractive. Fashions in beauty change, and her straight dark hair, pale face, and wide mouth had a definite personal appeal. She was not without humour in the ordinary way, but once a passion seized her she became, as it were, all appetite; and men notoriously object to being eaten alive. So she remained frustrated. Her early dreams of *la grande passion* went unrealised. This is not to say that she stalked her prey clumsily. With years and experience she acquired a sort of technique; she hid her ardent desires under a camouflage, often assuming as her opening gambit the *rôle* of a regular fellow, a man among men. But, alas! once let a man come ever such a little way to meet her, she would rush in too fast and so utterly lose her head that, before she was aware of it, he was gone past recall.

She got appreciably older, and her infernal sense of humour stepped in. She became extremely self-conscious. It was absurd to be chasing an elusive passion at her age.

Just at that time she found her first real friend in a woman. One of those independent women who live and work on their own. A busy, efficient creature who had long finished with men in any capacity. Harriet went round with her more and more, and even took to calling herself Harry. Then, lashed by her friend's activity into an urge for self-expression other than sexual, she started to write. She wrote painfully at first, and then more glibly. Fortified by the experiences of other writers revealed in print, she began to take herself seriously. This, then, was the Real Thing—for this one could deny oneself Love and Lovers. Now came her reward—her work was recognised.

"Come to lunch," the letter said, "and bring more of your work."

She hailed a taxi, and the door was opened by a flower-seller.

"Vi'lets—luvly vi'lets!"

Smiling to herself, she bought a bunch and pinned it in her coat.

THE Great Man lived in a service flat with a Chinese servant—all in the best tradition. He held her gloved hand in his for an instant and peered under her hat.

"Of course, you'll have a cocktail?" he said.

During lunch they talked—books, personalities. He handed her a cigarette. The manservant placed coffee and liqueurs at hand and silently withdrew.

"Ah, your manuscripts." He took them up, put them down.

"Do take your hat off. I think your story charming. Such feeling!"

She laughed, a little nervously—a little drunkenly, perhaps.

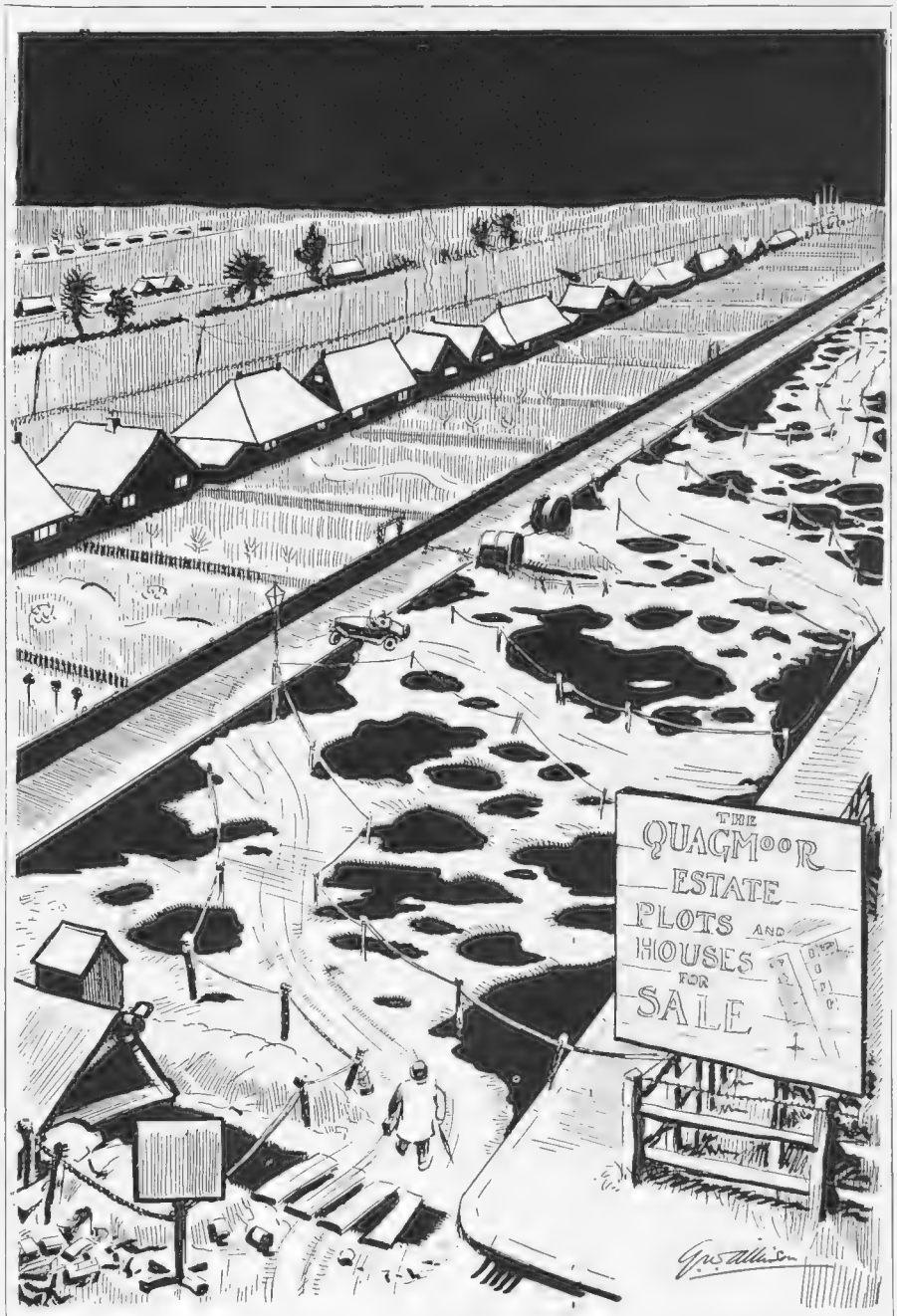
"I'm glad you liked it," she said, trying to be careless.

His hand rested on her chair; he leant over and drew closer to her. He buried his nose in the violets.

"Exquisite!" he mumbled. He drew her to him.

"I knew we should understand one another," he went on, loosening her coat and burying his nose in her neck.

E. T.



By G. W. Allinson

THE UNCHARTED WILDS OF SUBURBIA

The residents of Raleigh Avenue do not claim to have more, larger, or deeper pot-holes than others in Suburbia, but they do claim to be the first to mark out a fairway

BY FRANK FORD

HOLIDAY ACQUAINTANCE (on last day): *"It breaks my heart, Lorna, to think that by this time next week I shall have completely forgotten you"*

PARIS GOSSIP

MODES, MUSIC AND MOTORING

By SYLVIA LYON

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

I HAVE been commuting—not communing—with Nature in and about Paris, but any Nature studying I am doing seems to be fairly sybaritic. That is to say, the garden of the Ritz is lovely, and the terrace on the Cambon side is bright with flowers. But the July luncheon crowd is terrible, and at tea-time very smart—a complete reversal of the winter and spring seasons.

I DISCOVERED at the practically unknown Port St. James entrance to the Bois an honest-to-God pine forest and a lake covered with ducks and water-lilies. After lunching one day at Le Select at Billancourt, where the *décor* is charming, but they put too much vinegar in the salad, we went on to Versailles to see a girl friend. She didn't appear very glad to see me, but I am here to tell you that I was glad to see her.

"My dear," I said, "I am so glad to have found you in, because to-day is Sunday and the shops are closed."

"Now exactly," she asked, "what do you mean by that?"

"I am going away to-night," I said, "I cannot find a belt that goes with a dress I want to take with me, and you have on the very belt I want."

"Try and get it," she said, "or, rather, I will sell it to you for a hundred francs."

"Thanks for the belt," I said, denuding her of it, "now *you* try to get the hundred francs. . . . By the way," I went on, changing the subject, "what kind of tree is that?" pointing above us.

"That's a sycamore," she said.

"Well, well," I exclaimed in awe, "you know a lot about Nature. Anyhow, this," I said, patting the earth, "is grass, and that over there making amorous advances to my hat is a Pekingese."

JUST now, in passing the Palace of Versailles, I noticed it was having its face lifted.

"So is Lady D.," said the boy-friend.

"Lady D.," said the girl, "is just crazy about Versailles. She is sure she lived there once upon a time. . . . She isn't sure whether she was a kitchen-maid or the King's mistress."

"If he had been married to three American girls within one month he might have learned a bit"

"That means," said Alain, "that she was both." "Aren't you clever?" I said to him. "I am always clever," said Alain, "on the fourteenth of July." "Oh, is to-day the fourteenth of July?" I asked, "I thought I noticed something funny about Paris this morning."

WELL, it seems that there were two distinct changes in this year's celebration of the Fall of the Bastille. A considerate Government suppressed the annual parade, so that the sweltering soldiers did not have to stand in line for hours, and so what sweltering public remained in Paris did not have to do the patriotic thing by watching a parade. The other change was the forbidding of the *bals publiques* in small streets where autobuses thump their way. A French boy-friend gave a delightfully cool dinner before going out to celebrate, but I provided a few fireworks on my own account, because we always get into terrific arguments. He thinks he knows all about American women because he was married to an American girl for three months, but I told him that didn't mean a thing, whereas if he had been married to three American girls within one month he might have learned a lot.

THEN we set out to visit the various *bals publique*, ignoring one in the nearby Place Victor Hugo, because

(*Continued on page 264*)

COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS

BY STARR WOOD

"I ain't 'arf 'ot an' tired"

"Well, what about me, standing over a 'ot stove all day and you in a nice cool sewer!"

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 262)

one would be likely to find one's self dancing with one's friends who live in the *quartier*, or with one's friends' chauffeurs, which would be equally disconcerting. So we went over to the Montparnasse, where, of course, we found throngs of people we knew and were soon seated at a series of tables that nearly disrupted everything.

THERE was a band before the Dome, one before the Rotonde opposite, one before the Coupole next door, so that one heard jazz, waltzes, and tangoes simultaneously, and I was a nervous wreck until I discovered that it sounded just like a combination of the music of Erik Satie, Darius Milhaud and Honegger, and that started a musical discussion, and I became so *distrait* that when somebody suggested going down to the Rue de Lappe I said "All right."

"A little café filled with freaks"

THEN, to my horror, I discovered where we were bound for, but it was too late. Anyhow, we were heavily chaperoned, and they said we could go anywhere on the fourteenth of July. So I found myself in one of the most famous streets in Paris, and in a little *café* filled with freaks. "Well," I said, "I don't want to spoil this party, but I think this place is poisonous." "Do you see that man over there?" somebody asked me. "That *what?*" I asked. "Oh, is that a man?" "Oh, yes," I was told, "that's the man who owns this place. His name is Albert, and he is one of the characters in Marcel Proust's books." "Now, see here," I said, "if you mention Proust tonight we will start an argument that will end some time in September, and I thought we were going to the country for a few days." "We are going now," said our host, and we started for Honfleur.

IT was quite wonderful riding through the dawn, or I suppose it was, for I awakened when I heard somebody in the car say "Evreux." I next awakened at Trouville, because it was there Armand (who was giving the party) stopped to do some marketing, and I found a loaf of bread three feet long nestling in my lap, and a bag of hot *croissants* held under my nose.

I REMEMBER but little of my three days at Honfleur, except that with a very superior manner I threw myself flat on the grass to get inspiration, but within two minutes sprang screaming into the air, having reclined on a nest of ants; that between our house and the village is a most attractive restaurant, "Le Ferme St. Simeon"; that the entire life at Deauville has moved from the Potinière back of the Casino to the seafront; that a Spanish band seated atop the Bar du Soleil plays the most strange and moving Catalan music; that I never saw so many dark blue and bright blue *bérets;* and that if you live in Paris and notice the absence of children, then go to Deauville, the most paradoxical place on earth.

ON returning to Paris by night, and by the road to Rouen, I had quite an idea when we stopped to look at two or three cathedrals. It was André Citroën, who gave, and Jacopozzi who created, the marvellous lighting system which throws the Arc de Triomphe, the Hôtel Crillon, the Ministry of Marine—in fact, the entire Place de la Concorde and the Chamber of Deputies—into such a magnificent glow on holiday nights. I think Citroën should do the same thing all over France. It would really be wonderful for people who drive through cathedral towns at night, or even the people who live in them but work all day, to be able to see churches and historical buildings emphasised by such a soft ambience of beauty.

I DO hope that my readers will not think that the hot weather has made me public-spirited or anything like that. So I will put on a new record and change the needle. Speaking of needles, did you know that an *attaché* of the Afghanistan Legation in Paris was arrested for receiving hundreds of thousands of francs' worth of heroin? That the financial affairs of the Legation have been so bad since Amanullah's *débacle* that the impoverished staff had to organise a little dope-running, the heroin being delivered from Mulhouse "by bag"?

DID you know that when Grace Moore or Hallie Stiles or any other American singer gives a performance at the Opéra Comique she pays one hundred thousand francs to be allowed to sing there? That the papers stated that after making eight-hour speeches for several days Poincaré has had to go to bed, but nobody said anything about the headaches the poor deputies and senators must have had from listening to him?

S. L.

MANŒUVRING TO SUCCESS

By "TERRIER"

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

"After the third or fourth day he could snore in perfect time with the music"

WE had been doing our annual fortnight under canvas, and for about a week had been as peaceful as it is possible to be when stationed within three miles of Aldershot, when we were rudely shaken by the bald announcement that, on the morrow, General Bloggs would visit us and watch us training.

Ever since our arrival matters had been pursuing the even tenor of their ways. Each day we had marched to some not-too-distant rural spot and purposed to transform it into a battlefield.

The Colonel, who was an enthusiastic rider, had cantered off with the Adjutant, murmuring something about having a look at to-morrow's area. The Second-in-Command, whose equestrian accomplishments were comparatively poor, would forestall an invitation to assist in the search for fresh worlds to conquer by asserting that the drummers had been rather lazy and he had better keep an eye on them as they practised in the next field. It is reported that after the third or fourth day he could snore in perfect time with the music!

BUT to-morrow all was to be different. There was an unusual hush in the Mess that night, and after dinner, one by one, the Officers crept off to their tents where they could be seen for hours reading their training manuals by candlelight. No Territorial Officer will ever admit to reading an official book on training, and thus it was that, rather than produce them in the comparatively well-lit Mess, they turned in at length with splitting headaches.

THE great day dawned, as in the story books, without a cloud in the sky. The Colonel was up early, and, while in his bath, altered the whole scheme that had been planned for the General's edification. That did not deter his Officers, who were used to that kind of thing. The Second-in-Command, too, was up betimes, worrying the frantic Company Commanders with confusing pieces of advice on all subjects, from the way the General liked the men's boots to be laced to what to say if he asked them questions about gas.

The Subalterns had not got up so early and had eaten hearty breakfasts, but the frenzy of their Superior Officers was rapidly undermining their *moral*. Even the Adjutant, strong Regular Soldier that he was, found his nerve slipping and had to go to the orderly room and repeat Kipling's "If" to himself three or four times before going on to parade.

At last the Battalion moved off to the scene of operations.

IT had been arranged that the highest hill for miles around was to be attacked and that the General should watch the battle from the summit. He was expected to arrive at about eleven o'clock, and in order that there should be no hitch, the Colonel rode to the chosen spot with his Company Commanders. Before leaving, the Adjutant thrust a map into the senior Subaltern's hand, showed him the route by which the Battalion should approach the battle, and told him to march off at once so as to arrive at ten o'clock.

The Colonel and his *cortège* arrived at the top of the hill at half-past nine, and, having dismounted and lit cigarettes, their spirits improved somewhat.

Ten o'clock arrived, however; a quarter-past, half-past, and no sign of the Battalion. "Go and find them," said the Colonel to the Adjutant in an agitated voice. Another half-hour passed without event save for the uneasy speculations of those on the hill as to what Fate might have in store.

AT ten past eleven horsemen were seen riding towards the summit. The General and his Staff: all was lost. The Colonel was already conning over the words he should use in the letter resigning his commission. Then another horseman appeared, alone this time, approaching at a gallop from the opposite direction. A glimmer of hope; it was the Adjutant. The General arrived first, winning the race by a short head. "Good morning, Riskitt," he said to the Colonel, "where are your men?" The question was answered by the Adjutant breathlessly, but with great credit—Adjutants in the Territorial Army have a marvellous knack of answering awkward questions on the spur of the moment—"They've done rather a long approach march, sir," he said. "It's part of the exercise, but they should be beginning the attack in a few minutes." Aside he explained hurriedly to the Colonel that the senior Subaltern had unfortunately been holding his map upside down and had only just been rescued from marching into the next county.

A FURTHER wait and then field-glasses revealed the tired Battalion hove to, in the shadow of a

wood. The great man, who was showing signs of impatience, was tactfully shown these hopeful portents and the plan of attack was explained to him.

Then, contrary to the course of action mapped out for him, he said, "Very good. I will go down and see how they get on." There was nothing for it but to follow him disconsolately to where the battle was slowly unfolding.

HE was obviously in his most inquisitive mood. First of all he seized upon an N.C.O. who, slowly but resolutely, was crawling forward. "What are you?" he asked. "An imaginary screen of scouts, sir," replied the puzzled one. The General gasped, and with difficulty asked, "Oh! what's that?" "I don't rightly know, sir," was the reply, "this is my first time on parade this camp; I'm the Canteen Corporal." With a snort the General gave up the unequal contest and sought fresh victims. He turned round in time to spy a Subaltern who was moving in the opposite direction. The latter, feeling the evil eye upon him and thinking, no doubt, that discretion was the better part of valour set off at a steady double, but the horses of the Staff soon overhauled him. It was the junior Subaltern. "What a shame we caught him," said a senior Staff Officer aside to the Adjutant, "just out of the egg, too!"

After telling the luckless youth many things he knew already, and some that were fresh to him, about the Canteen Corporal, the General got back to one of his favourite themes.

"Have you warned your men about gas?" he asked.

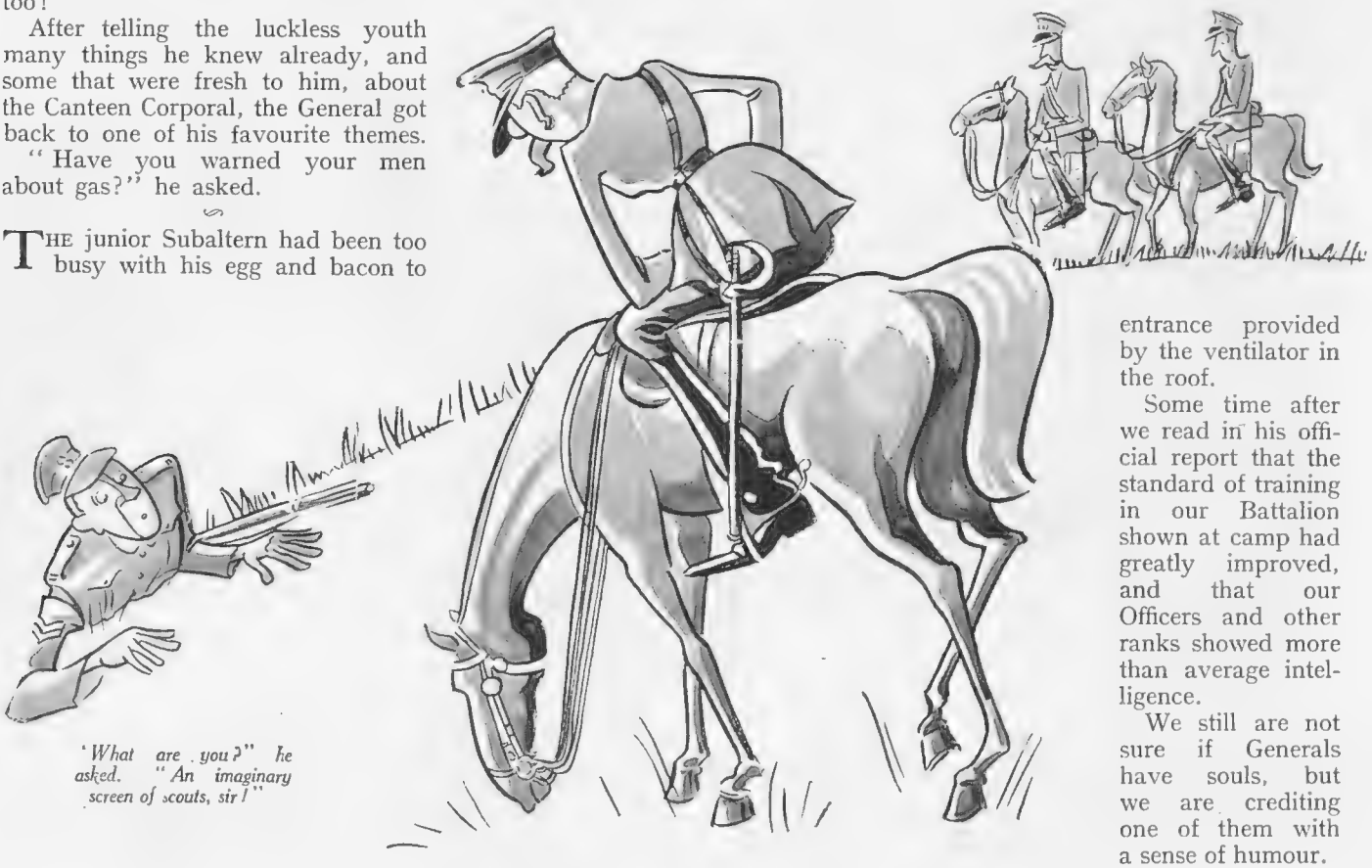
THE junior Subaltern had been too busy with his egg and bacon to hear the remarks of the Second-in-Command that morning on this all-important subject, and he incautiously smiled broadly and replied, "Of course not, sir." "Why not?" "Well, sir, we're not issued with gas masks and I thought it best not to confuse my men with a lot of unnecessary details." This was too much for the great man. He glared in silence for a while and then turned to the Colonel. "I see several of your men have their boots wrongly laced up. See that I don't find them like it again," he said, and with this parting thrust he left the battlefield in high dudgeon.

"Squirting a soda water siphon at the face of the junior Subaltern"

THAT night we had our guest night, and at about 11 p.m. our guest of honour, General Bloggs, could have been seen squirting a soda water siphon at the face of the junior Subaltern, who was struggling to climb into the Mess tent by the somewhat unorthodox entrance provided by the ventilator in the roof.

Some time after we read in his official report that the standard of training in our Battalion shown at camp had greatly improved, and that our Officers and other ranks showed more than average intelligence.

We still are not sure if Generals have souls, but we are crediting one of them with a sense of humour.



"What are you?" he asked. "An imaginary screen of scouts, sir!"

COMMENTS OF CHLOE

COWES CAPTAINS and CLOTHES

Illustrated by KIPPA

I SUPPOSE those of us who go to Cowes will be soon setting out. Well, you can all go there and stay there as far as I am concerned. I have never been able to understand the attractions of the place, nor the joys of yachting. If you don't enter into the sacred precincts of the Squadron you might as well be a *houri* outside Paradise; and when you are inside it is deadly dull and filled with old men dressed in clothes like those worn by the captains of pleasure steamers.

The last time I was there I stayed with the late Lord Iveagh, who was a dear old man and quite unworldly in some ways. I used to go down to the common beach and swim rather than be bored by the interior of the Squadron's Enclosure. One day an awful youth sat on the raft with me and invited me to go to the "pictures" with him. I told the story as a joke when I went back to luncheon, and Lord Iveagh said quite simply, "Why did you not ask the young man to tea if he is a pleasant companion?"

I AM not one of those who go mad when they hear the call of the sea, and I certainly do not appreciate yachts. Enthusiasts tell you that when you are racing you are so excited that you have no time to feel seasick. Well, then, I have never been excited. And you are always getting in the way of the boom or some equally strange object. You are generally soaking wet, and you have to give the crew half your prize money if you win, so I can see no enjoyment at all in yachting. If you go on a bigger yacht to the South of France, or somewhere else where you don't want to go, it is amusing for your host and generally nobody else, because he arranges to take his particular young woman with him and then forgets to provide you with your own boy-friend. Oh, yes! I know all about yachting, and I think it is entirely over-rated. Either the owner is bullied by the captain and you are never allowed out of harbour, or he is his own "master," whatever that may be, and then Heaven help you!

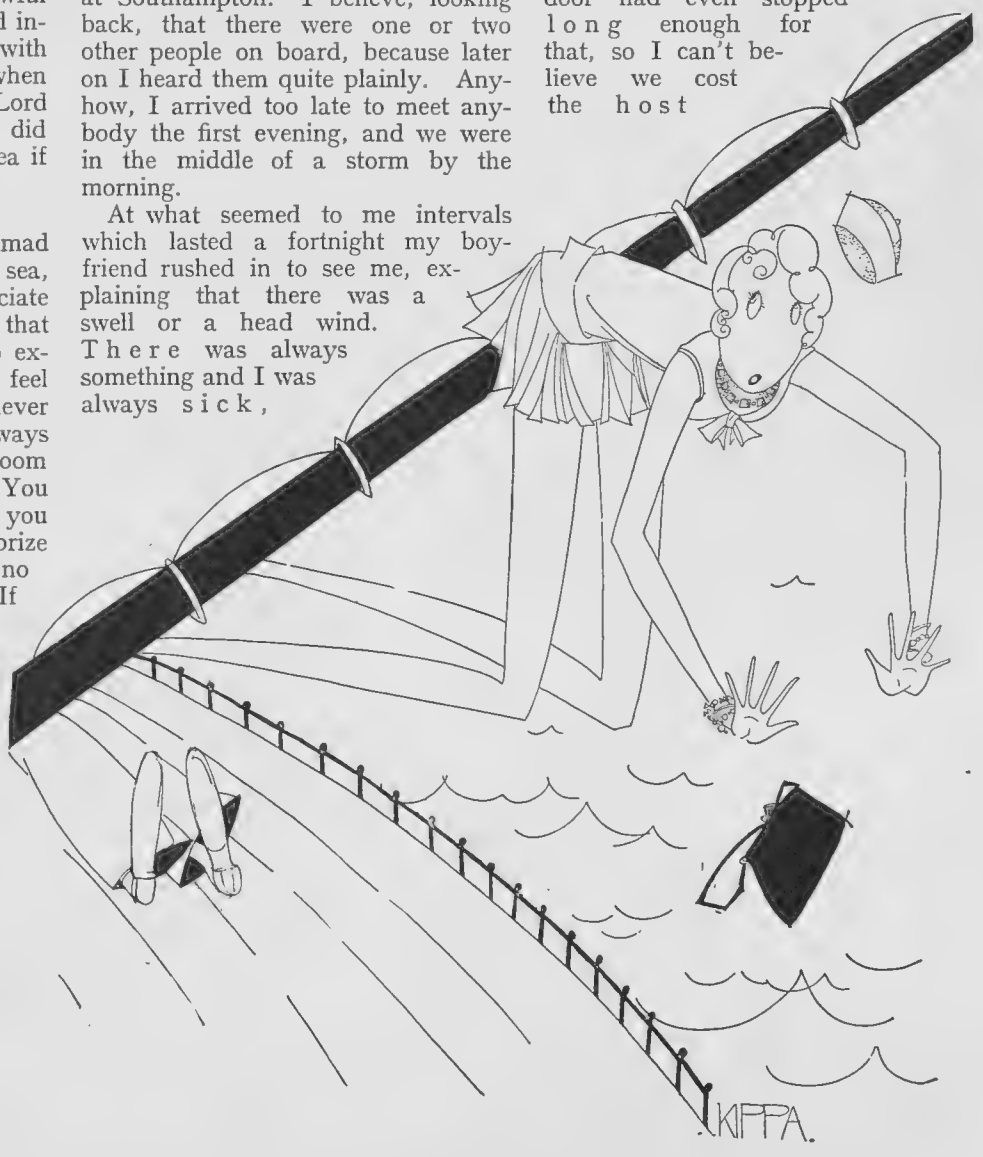
In the first instance you travel at great expense overland and join the yacht at Cannes. You live on it and inhale the French sea-smells, which are worse than anything else in the world. If you suggest going to Sicily or some really attractive spot of that description the captain falls into a swoon and assures the owner that her mast or her funnel or some portion of her anatomy won't stand it.

If the owner is his own captain you may as well tuck yourself into your berth at the very beginning, put a large basin beside you and resign yourself into the hands of Providence.

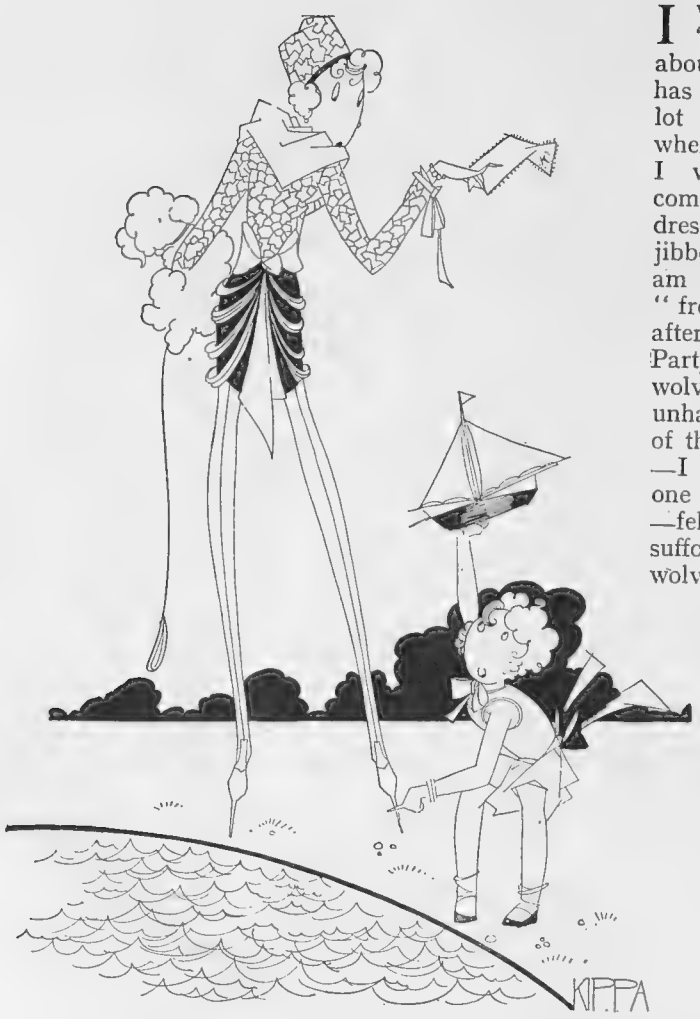
LAST summer an old flame implored me to go with him on a trip to Cadiz. I thought it sounded as though it might be rather Spanish and passionate, so I bought a new dress or two and joined the wretched yacht at Southampton. I believe, looking back, that there were one or two other people on board, because later on I heard them quite plainly. Anyhow, I arrived too late to meet anybody the first evening, and we were in the middle of a storm by the morning.

At what seemed to me intervals which lasted a fortnight my boy-friend rushed in to see me, explaining that there was a swell or a head wind. There was always something and I was always sick, that's all I know. So presently he came in and he said, "I'm sorry, but we must turn and run before the wind." And I answered, "Well, if up to now we've been only walking, it doesn't look to me as though we shall ever get anywhere in this world, because we shall be blown off it."

So he told me not to worry, and I said I wasn't worrying and that I would do anything he liked if only he would stop the yacht for an hour or two. But there can't have been anything that he particularly wanted me to do, because he didn't stop the yacht, and eventually we "ran" into Southampton again. I had had two oranges during the whole trip, and I don't think the woman next door had even stopped long enough for that, so I can't believe we cost the host



"You are always getting in the way of the boom"



"I have quite finished with yachts of every description, thank you very much"

very much, and I suppose we acted as ballast for his beastly boat. Anyhow, he's not a friend of mine any more, and I have quite finished with yachts of every description, thank you very much.

THERE is only one thing worth thinking about in yachting, and that is the clothes designed for wearing on them. I bought myself a very good-looking "suiting" last week, which consisted of a blue serge circular skirt, with a sleeveless Shetland wool jumper and a cardigan to match in old rose. And there was a scarf in squares of old rose, blue and yellow, which was perfectly lovely, and an old rose and yellow felt hat, which didn't make sense to begin with, and then you realised that it was absolutely the only hat you could wear with it.

And it cost so much that unless I sell "Robert," the collie, I do not know how I am going to pay for it.

But still, I suppose that somebody will pay some day, so I shall not worry, and I shall sit at Hurlingham and watch the sparrows, because it will be quite deserted, and be very thankful that I am not at Antibes or on the sea.

I WAS invited to the "Baby Party" about which there has been such a lot of talk, but when I found that I was expected to come in a short dress and socks I jibbed, because I am rather tired of "freak" parties, after the "Circus Party," where the wolves looked so unhappy and one of the Ruthven twins —I think it was the one they call "A" —fell on, and nearly suffocated, me. The wolves were real, and I don't think you should have live animals at parties, because animals hate being made fools of, and there are plenty without them. The "Baby Party" was rather a silly affair and very noisy. I passed through Rutland Gate in the early hours of the morning and a young man, dressed in a long robe and a sash, rushed in front of the Baby Austin and offered it a bottle of milk. So I leant out and gave him a push, and he rolled over like a ninepin; and I am very glad I did not go to the party, because it seems to me that if you have reached the stage where you behave like that it is about time you were locked up.

ANYHOW, the parties haven't been very good this year. I mean the ordinary ones, not the freak ones, and the debutantes are looking a bit pale and pensive, because it is getting more and more difficult to lure young men to balls, and when they do get there they are generally too fatigued and wan to dance.

After all, if you are a young man who doesn't want to marry, it is only natural that you should prefer to dally with the married women who will play with you and flatter you and never give you that nasty feeling of being pursued. Most of the young men at balls look as though they were silver foxes who know that the trapper is after their pelts.

So, of course, the mothers are getting pretty desperate, because it is expensive work giving a dance; and then if it doesn't help your daughter to get a husband you are where you were before. And this year the young women looked hungrier and more desperate than ever.

No, it hasn't been a particularly brilliant Season, and every other women has been dressed in that satin model of Chanel's, and I think I shall buy my clothes in Brixton, because then I shan't see them repeated a dozen times.

BY the way, have you seen those ripping glass bracelets, made of squares of printed glass and threaded on elastic? They look terribly smart with country cottons and you can get them in different colours. They were the latest shriek in Paris about three months ago, so perhaps you can get them over here now.

CHLOE.

"The debutantes are looking a bit pale and pensive"

FLYING NOTES

The Aeroplane

A group snapped at Stag Lane. Second from the left is Herr Udet, the famous German acrobatic pilot, seen with Captain H. S. Broad the De Havilland test pilot

"5,000 MILES for SIXPENCE"

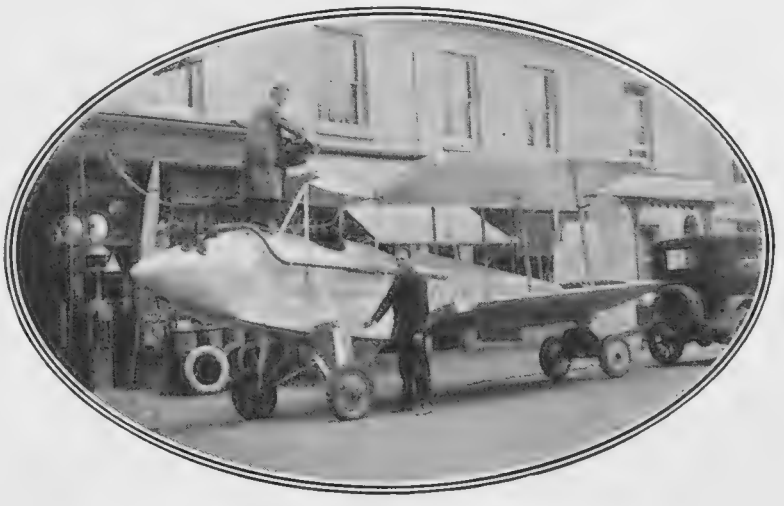
By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Indian Mail

EVERY Friday at midnight there is a collection from the General Post Office in London of mail which is forwarded by air the following morning to Egypt, Iraq, India and the Far East. More than ten tons of first-class letter mail passes through the Post Office for India alone each week, yet only one-fortieth of this goes by air. Surely the reason for this lack of support lies with the Post Office, which has failed to advertise the great advantage enjoyed by the air-borne letter. It travels 5,000 miles for 6d. in less than half the time taken by the steamer route. A reply can be received in London within three weeks, instead of the five or six weeks usually taken. It can only be a matter of a year or so before all first-class mail is despatched by air as a matter of course, but this happy state of affairs will not occur until the public has shown, by its support of the air mail, that it demands more rapid delivery.

Flying at Heston

MESSRS. Norman and Muntz were "at home" recently to some sixty aircraft with their owners and 10,000 or so spectators who visited Heston for an International Rally. The meeting was an excellent example of what might be done next year to organise a civil air display following the Service show at Hendon. Captain Broad gave his usual streamlined performance on a Gipsy Moth, winning the aerobatics competition, followed by Mr. G. Murray from Brooklands. The rally, in which each competitor had to fly a minimum of 150 miles and comply with a certain formula, was won by Flying Officer Thorn, who came up from Devon on an Avian. Mr. R. G. Cazalet, flying his Widgeon from Newcastle, was second, and Mr. John Carberry third, with a flight from Kessel in Germany. Aerobatics by two German pilots flying all-metal monoplanes, a model aeroplane competition and delayed action parachute descents were among the interesting items which helped to give spectators a most pleasant afternoon.



FILLING UP

A Spartan refuels at a petrol pump in the street

A New Thrill for Those in London

FOR a fee of £2 2s. anyone who wants to fly an aeroplane can make the experiment under a competent instructor at Hanworth Park, the new London aerodrome opened by National Flying Services. Half an hour at the controls should be sufficient to convince the most sceptical that flying is a very simple matter. It is not necessary to be a Segrave in order to drive a motor car, and similarly no one need be as skilful as Lindbergh to fly a light aeroplane. The fee of £2 2s. includes a car carrying prospective pupils from Trafalgar Square to Hanworth Park, and it should be mentioned that pupils place themselves under no obligation by accepting this offer. The formal opening of the Club's headquarters will occur during the first week in September, but in the meantime one of the aerodromes, together with a large hangar, is available for use.

Some Famous Air Achievements

THE people who have created the "Lion" engine can be relied upon to produce even a pamphlet which is worth keeping. Their exhibition brochure under the above title is illustrated with etchings of great achievements and distinguished by the brevity of its letterpress in English and French. The Napier "Lion" came on the scene at the end of the War, and was a result of accumulated experience with other types. The fact that it had no time to distinguish itself over the Lines has been no drawback to its success as an engine of peace. At the end of 1918 it startled the world with an altitude flight of more than 30,000 feet, and entered the lists for speed the following year by winning the Aerial Derby.

Points from the Show

THE Prince of Wales was one of the first to admire the fine engineering qualities combined with the greatest luxury in passenger accommodation embodied in the Blackburne "Nile" flying boat. This type is the last word in aircraft produced for communication in tropical parts of the Empire. The Hawk Moth sunshine saloon caught the Prince's eye, and the Duke of York was surprised that it should cost less than a Rolls-Royce car. The blue and gold Moth on show was sold during the first week to a Frenchman, who took it, complete with war paint, at a considerably increased price. The Bluebird, with special facilities for holding hands was another centre of interest. National Flying Services have standardised the A.B.C. Robin single-seater and the Desoutter three-seater in addition to the Spartan and the Bluebird.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

LOVE and LUNATICS

By
RALPH STRAUS

IN a week or two, I expect, a large number of people will be discussing Mr. J. B. Priestley's new novel, *The Good Companions* (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.*), which is by way of being something very big indeed. I had intended, as a matter of fact, to discourse upon its manifold charms this week, but it is a big book in more senses than one. Six hundred and forty pages, and big pages at that! At the moment of writing I have reached only to p. 430.

⁂

BUT, you say, the reviewer surely doesn't *read* all these novels about which he writes with such glibness? Well, sometimes not every word. A little skipping is not always a dangerous thing. And when fifty novels or more are piled up on your table, all demanding most insistently to be read, and read at once, what are you to do? Sometimes, however, even the miserable reviewer can forget his job and read a book "just for pleasure," and so it is with Mr. Priestley's book, of which I intend to read every word before I say more about it.

⁂

AND as luck will have it, there is another novel just out which actually has four more pages than Mr. Priestley's. It is really too bad, for I also intended to speak of *Wolf Solent* (Cape: 15*s.*) this week. Its author, John Cowper Powys, one of three very remarkable brothers, may not be very well known in this country—he spends most of his time telling the Americans what they ought to read—but everything that he writes is more than merely good, and so *Wolf Solent* is another book of which I want to read every word. But two novels of this length appearing almost simultaneously—— No, I dare not finish the sentence.

⁂

LUCKILY, however, from my point of view, several other novels have appeared in time to be packed away in trunks for the holidays, and they are considerably shorter. There is, for instance, a new Chesterton, and a new Frankau, and a new Stephen McKenna. There is also a new Anne Parrish from America, to which I shall draw your attention, and if you feel inclined for something more solid, there is another six-hundred-page novel by Evelyn Scott, called *The Wave* (Cape: 15*s.*), which is all about the American Civil War.

⁂

TO begin with Mr. Chesterton. *The Poet and the Lunatics* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is the queerest business. So much, of course, you expect from him. The book contains eight short stories about a weird fellow called Gabriel Gale. He is not another Father Brown, though he does some pretty smart detecting, but he is an equally good psychologist. He is a poet, and—like many good poets—a little mad. I dare say quite a number of people would consider that he ought to be quietly removed to a really comfortable asylum.

F. W. Schmidt

G. K. CHESTERTON

Whose latest book, "The Poet and the Lunatics" (Cassell: 7s. 6d.), introduces a new type of character to detective fiction. Gabriel Gale is an amusing successor to Father Brown

⁂

THERE is one reason, however, why he clearly must be allowed to remain free. He "understands" lunatics, you see. In fact, he has his own technique for dealing with them. A dangerous technique, but one which is certainly successful. And in these eight stories, which are like no other stories in the world except those which Mr. Chesterton has already written, you see him at work, and most entertaining it is.

⁂

IN the first place it is a little difficult for the reader to know *which* personage in a story happens to be really mad. I do not say that they all seem to be rather mad, but there *is* a queerness about them, and not only about them but about their surroundings. And in the second place, the cures which are effected are oddly unexpected. What the alienists will have to say about Mr. Gabriel Gale I do not profess to know, but those who enjoy Mr. Chesterton in his most Chestertonian mood will most certainly find this singular poet and his singular adventures very much to their liking.

⁂

THEN there is Mr. Frankau. When his last novel appeared his publishers talked of "a new manner," but I confess that I was unable to find one. In *Dance, Little Gentleman!* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), however, there is, very definitely, a new manner, so far, that is to say, as his prose work goes. For in these autobiographical memoirs of a gigolo Mr. Frankau allows his satirical powers full play, and I, for one, was certainly amused at the result.

⁂

MR. HENRY ST. AUBIN is one of those beautiful young gentlemen who bear a superficial resemblance to the late and much-lamented Mr. Rudolph Valentino. He is also one of those young gentlemen whom most other young gentlemen would take very great pleasure in kicking—hard. On the other hand, elderly ladies, with rather more money than is good for them, seem to like him very much and show their liking in what is to Mr. St. Aubin a pleasantly material fashion.

⁂

ACCORDING to his own account, he was once at one of our great public schools, but this seems to me to be showman's licence. And, after all, if you can make your own story entertaining, a little embroidery here and there hardly matters. So, when this little gentleman refuses to return the letters which a titled trout was foolish enough to write to him, you must not think that he is a nasty blackmailer, but rather a poor wretch robbed of real romance and naturally desirous of keeping some tangible memory of it. And can you blame him for accepting a few paltry thousands for these letters when the Law shows signs of stepping in?

⁂

AND he succeeds in life. He is not one of your silly and spineless spendthrifts. His is a career which is given to the world in the hope that other young gentlemen, not afraid of hard work, may benefit from it. And if Mr. Frankau here and there has done a little editing on his own, well, Mr. St. Aubin is not the loser.

(*Continued on page 272*)

Moonlight . . . and the waves creeping over the shingle . . . the clean smell of the salt sea . . . pom-pom-um-pom-um-pom . . . the band in the distance . . . sunlight and the crash of the breakers . . . What's it like? Quite warm . . . Splash! . . . Crooked village streets that end in mysterious wharves and jetties . . . Tarred rope . . . white sails and "The Fisherman's Arms" . . . well, it's not quite time yet, Sir . . . but . . . two Worthingtons? . . . Yes, Sir.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 270)

YES, an entertaining affair, even though it is not the first of its kind to appear this year. (You remember *Chronicles of a Gigolo?*) And it is certainly up to date. Even Colonel Bark—— I mean even a colonel is introduced who turns out to be a lady. There may be those who will say that the beautiful young men to be seen in such night clubs as have survived and Mr. Henry St. Aubin have little in common—I am not qualified myself to judge—but at least these memoirs are piquant and naughty (in a most respectable way) and good to read.

✲

SUPPOSE that a woman is married to a literary-minded judge who ought to have remained a bachelor. Suppose that she falls madly in love with a young man in the Colonial Office with a bad reputation. Suppose that he is mightily attracted. Suppose, further, that there is, distinctly, an affair between them, of which, of course, the judge must know nothing at all. Finally, suppose that she knows he is drifting away from her. Would she give him up in order to forestall his giving her up?

✲

THAT is the question, more or less, which Mr. McKenna propounds, and attempts to answer, in *Happy Ending* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.*). There is nothing particularly original in the theme, nor, indeed, in the way in which it is worked out, but with these very ordinary materials Mr. McKenna has built up a tale which is not unexciting. For myself, I cannot be sure whether Lady Morchard *would* have dismissed Mr. Shotton at the precise moment she does, but am quite willing to take Mr. McKenna's word for it. There are certainly some excellent passages in his book, which goes, as they say, with a swing, and may be safely recommended.

✲

A MORE subtle portrait of a woman is to be found in Anne Parrish's *All Kneeling* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Christabel Caine is one of those holy terrors who manage to persuade nearly everybody that they are saints. She writes "best-sellers," and in the world's view is always in the right—a really *good* woman. In reality, of course, she is an unholy horror, posing to herself, selfish, a bit of a vampire, and almost as unpleasant as Mr. St. Aubin. But her story is excellently told, and you will not be disappointed if you put this cheerful novel on your literary list.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HENRY VIII. By F. Hackett. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)
HEART OF ALSACE. By Rene Schilele. (Knopf: 10s. 6d.)
THE CROOKED WHEEL. By Rupert Hughes. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
THE PINES OF JAALAM. By Daniel Chase. (Skeffington: 7s. 6d.)
THE FIRST AND LAST OF CONRAD. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
WHERE PARIS DINES. By Julian Street. (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.)
ALL ELSE IS FOLLY. By Peregrine Acland. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
GATHERING OF EAGLES. By Val Gielgud. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
THE FIDDLER. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
THE FRANTIC YOUNG MAN. By Charles Samuels. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)
FRUITS OF DECEPTION. By A. E. Emmet. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
RICK AND DICK. By Peter Brook. (John Long: 7s. 6d.)
STILL WANDERING. By Rathnell Wilson. (Caxton Bookshop: 4s.)
SELF AND SUPERMAN. By L. E. Eeman (Christophers: 7s. 6d.)

I AM less sure of Miss Scott's *The Wave*, it makes rather stiff reading, but the Civil War in America was full of drama, and in a series of isolated incidents you see this drama crystallised out into words. The book is on the long side, some of the writing is not to my taste, but I cannot help saying that Miss Scott's achievement is altogether out of the ordinary, and worthy to be judged by very high standards.

R. S.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

A story of how a prize pig is stolen sounds amusing enough, but when we hear that this is part of the new long novel by P. G. Wodehouse, published on July 19 by Jenkins, we need hardly say it is very entertaining. It is good hearing for Wodehouse "fans" to learn that he has given in this book old Wodehouse characters . . . Lord Emsworth, Lady Constance Keeble, the Efficient Baxter, Hugo Carmody, Ronnie Fish, and Percy Pilbeam.

✲

Fool's Purgatory, by Aylmer Hunter, is to be published by Murray shortly. We are told that this is the story of many foolish people and one very wise one; of a caustic, whimsical, puzzled old lady who says: "Life is a purgatory through which fools gain wisdom." It tells also of a marriage cancelled and of a marriage consummated; of a wild young girl who ferrets out the mystery which enshrouds her sister and startles her grandmother by her language.

✲

Those who have followed *The Elusive Picaroon* through his chequered career will welcome Herman Landon's *Buy My Silence*, just published by Cassells, describing, we are told, the further adventures of that chivalrous bandit, and making this book one of the most exciting and absorbing of to-day's mystery stories.

COMIC OPERA BRIDGE

By "ACES EASY"

A DIET of Sydney Lenz, R. F. Foster, Wilbur Whitehead and Milton W. Work is apt to induce the belief that bridge is a game for the super-subtle, and bridge players are the nearest approach to Nietzsche's *Ubermensch* that has yet been evolved. To counter this fallacy, I propose to recount three incidents, for the truth of which I pledge my honour (but not at Attenborough's!) On my return from a sojourn in the U.S.A. I called upon an aunt, who loved her "rubber of an evening." She invited a man and his wife to play with us. I cut with the wife, who dealt and went no trumps. Thank God the stakes were low!

On my right, her husband went a couple of spades.

I held *S*—A, K, x; *H*—x; *D*—A, x, x; *C*—K, Q, J, x, x, x. I wondered if he were bidding spades to force us into two no trumps, which he would defeat with solid hearts, but thought he looked too honest. I omitted to double (unquestionably the correct call) and went two no trumps. East passed, South passed, and West doubled. I redoubled.

The 9 of spades was opened (fourth best from Q, J, 10, 9!) and my partner made both top spades in my hand and then led the ace of diamonds. Finally she awoke to the necessity of clearing her clubs, and led a small one to her own ace. I was preparing to enter up a fat redouble to us, when, to my horror, she led a heart! We never made another trick! Four down—800—and she had the nerve to say she had bid only one no trump and I had no hearts and no right to redouble!

✲

ON the second occasion, I was watching a game of bridge at a ladies' club. I omit to mention which one! But the dealer went a heart. Her partner overcalled with a no trump. A lead-indicating bid of two spades was made, and the no trumper switched to three clubs. In this contract they were defeated by two tricks by egregiously bad play on the declarer's part (they should have got their contract) whereas there were either four hearts or four no trumps on the cards without a finesse and, if played well, a small slam in hearts!

✲

THE third hand was played in a boarding-house at which I once had the misfortune to stay. I was asked to make a fourth with a gentleman I knew had a prejudice in favour of going no trumps like a stallion, rebidding them, getting up to four, and then redoubling himself, missing three aces. We were to play against a dear old lady who tyrannised over the establishment at large in general and her own daughter in particular, and the tyrannised-over daughter.

The old lady dealt and went a heart; I passed and the daughter timidly suggested a spade. My partner mumbled no trumps and the old lady (South) rebid the hearts. I said "No." The daughter even more timidly went on in spades and my partner in no trumps. "Three hearts" boomed the old lady. "Three spades," quavered North. My partner clicked his false teeth and rebid the no trumps. "Four hearts," and South glared. "Four spades," whispered North, and nearly burst into tears.

My partner doubled. "Five hearts," and I doubled. "Five spades," and my partner doubled. "Six hearts," and I doubled again.

They went down four!

They also had a grand slam in spades!

They also had us down a small slam in no trumps!

The answer I believe to be a citrous fruit. And when such bridge is played (with great enjoyment to all concerned—or almost all), I would caution my readers not to despair if they fail to recognise a squeeze play or a *grand coup*. So few of us do!

[Owing to "Aces Easy" taking a busman's holiday playing bridge in the wilds of Alsace-Lorraine, Bridge Competition results are unavoidably held over until the issue of August 7 or 14.]

When minstrelsy was very young
Glees, ballads, sagas all were sung,
But memory was the only script,
A fickle thing o'er which bards tripped.
At feasts too, when one had to sing
Before the Court, the Queen and King.
He often found, the poor old bard,
That words and notes had flown unheard.

* * * * *

At last a minstrel, perhaps more,
Thought it were best to have a "score,"
Fill in as well the grace notes bright
And pledge themselves in Black and White.

BUCHANAN'S

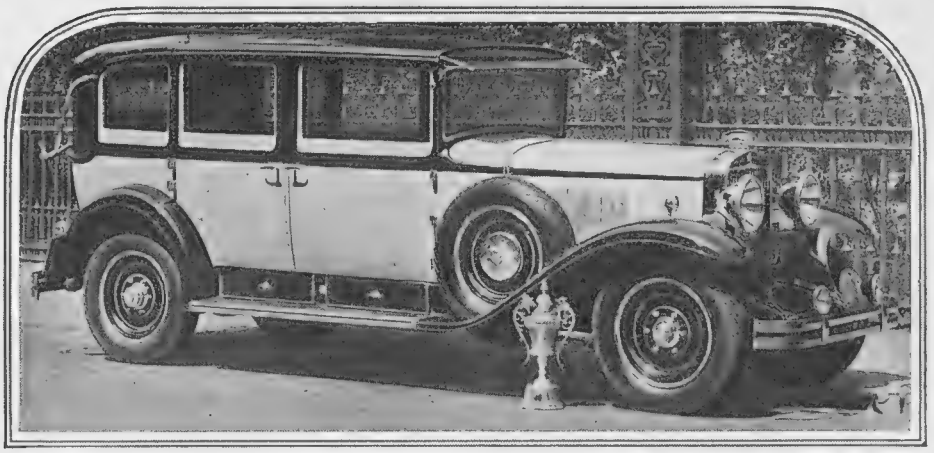
"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

MOTOR NOTES

CONCERNING "Q" CARS

By E. M. WRIGHT



The Cadillac car which won the Grand Prix d'Honneur in the shape of a cup, also seen above, at the recent Ostend Car Beauty Contest. It is the property of Capt. F. W. Hartman, of Messrs. Lendrum and Hartman

I AM half afraid to refer once again to the wide extent of the utility of the motor car. It is a subject which every writer on motoring topics has worn threadbare. Lately, however, I have come across some novel examples of cars with, so to speak, a dual personality, at times rather after the style of those unobtrusive "Q" ships during the War, and at times like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In the modern high-powered motor car the bandit, gifted with resource and daring, has ready to his hands a wonderful means of carrying out spectacular coups. Pick up any newspaper, and you cannot fail to read of exploits which make Dick Turpin turn in his grave in envy.

***

BUT it takes two to play that game, and the police have devised a number of interesting mystery cars with which to foil these modern desperadoes. They have, I hear, equipped a fleet of vans, seemingly nothing more than an everyday, rather slow-moving delivery van, such as is used by local tradesmen on their rounds. In reality, however, these vehicles have the speed of a fast touring car, and in lieu of the loaves of bread and rounds of beef one would suppose were inside are secreted a few hefty constables ready to pounce upon the unsuspecting bandit. Hidden away, too, in the interior is a wireless with carefully camouflaged aerials by means of which constant touch may be kept with headquarters. But most interesting of all is the ingenuity with which these vehicles can at a moment's notice be transformed so that the same car could pass a second time down along the same street and remain totally unrecognised. All very intriguing, no doubt, but rather disconcerting for gentlemen already fully occupied in smashing and grabbing!

THIS WEEK'S HINT

HORN BLOWING.

THREE-QUARTERS of the horn blowing to-day is unnecessary. With some people it is merely a nervous gesture indulged in at any time of emergency. With others it becomes a tactless and brutal word of command. The horn should never, except as a last resort, say more than "There is a car coming."

Do *not* blow at that old lady already crossing the road some way in front. You can see that she will be well out of the way when you get to that spot. *Do* blow at that young fellow obviously saying good-bye to his pals in a tearing hurry, and, therefore, probably going to step off the pavement just as you are passing.

Do not overtake another car without a gentle hoot to let the driver know you are coming. Ladies, do not think that blowing the horn entitles you to a clear passage without further precaution. Do not blow the horn at night, especially in the country, when your headlights are on as they will give a much better warning than anything mechanical. Horn blowing is an important part of road sense. What is road sense? Intelligent anticipation.

A six-cylinder Silver Eagle four-seater Alvis tourer. It is seen at the entrance to Stoneleigh Abbey, a beauty spot well known to Midland motorists

I MYSELF am more attracted by the recent stories that are going round of an innocent-looking taxi capable of 80 m.p.h. Many a time when seconds were precious have I commanded a phlegmatic driver to go "like H——"; but the best he has ever achieved would make a policeman on trap duty merely smile. Eighty miles an hour! The mind staggers at the thought. The men who framed the seventy-three regulations which make our taxi one of the modern wonders of the world hardly conceived of it as a rival to the "Golden Arrow." May I be present when this taxi gives chase. But may I, as I value my life, be spared the privilege of travelling as the "fare."

***

FEW records have been so hotly contested at Brooklands as the 200 miles in Class B. When the season opened, the week before Easter, it stood at 58.06 m.p.h., and on the first day an ordinary Graham-Paige straight-eight saloon raised it to 77.77 m.p.h. On April 9 these figures were raised to 88.87 m.p.h. by a Delage racing car. The original Graham-Paige saloon then returned to the attack. Preliminary tests showed that it could touch 98 m.p.h., and it was officially timed to lap steadily at 90 m.p.h. But as the 200 km. record stood at 93 m.p.h., and it was intended to capture this as well as the 200 miles, the Graham-Paige people decided to fit an open two-seater body. With this the car has now captured the two records at speeds of 93.88 m.p.h. for the 200 km., and 92.52 m.p.h. for the 200 miles.

***

IF ever proof were wanted that racing improves the breed, it is surely provided by the Alvis Silver Eagle six-cylinder models. Here is a light six that has as perfect manners as the most docile of touring motor cars, yet when you come to test the performance you find it to be that of a very creditable sports model, minus the fuss and noise. The Alvis Silver Eagle that I tested recently did a comfortable 68 m.p.h., and would touch 70 m.p.h. without appreciable effort. On third it had a speed of at least 55 m.p.h. The gear change, which is on the right-hand side, was easy both up and down. The brakes were effective, but required more leg power than was comfortable. A servo mechanism of some sort would be an advantage.

***

I WAS particularly impressed with the road-holding capabilities of this car. I confess to having done some pretty fast travelling over a standard course, and it is a long time since I could maintain such speed. A good deal of the course is

(*Continued on page 276*)

7 out of 8 windows shattered..the 8th. was TRIPLEX

Extract from a letter received June 4, 1929.

"It will no doubt interest you to come into possession of the enclosed photographs as a testimonial to your wonderful glass. Myself and friends had the misfortune when riding in my Austin 7 Saloon to be struck amidships by a Morris Cowley travelling at great speed. The whole of the body was completely ruined owing to the car rolling over several times after the terrific impact. Seven out of the eight windows of ordinary plate glass were completely shattered, the eighth, which was Triplex, was still in one piece. Myself as driver escaped all injuries and I cannot speak too highly of the benefit derived from the use of Triplex Glass as I probably owe my life to it."

Edmund L. Amy,
76/78, Dove Street,
Liverpool.

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THE HIGHWAY OF EUROPE-

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ON SALE DAILY, 9 till 7 (Thursdays close at 1 o'clock), at the Extensive Galleries of the Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Ltd., Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N. Any item may be purchased separately, can remain warehoused free for 12 months, or delivered to any part. ANTIQUES FREE OF DUTY.

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GENUINE ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, Tall Boy and shaped front Chests, corner washstands, with pewter and brass fittings, Wig stands, Toilet Mirrors, Sofa Tables, etc.

SILK AND OTHER DRAPERIES and a quantity of Axminster pile carpets, some slightly soiled, being offered at 2s. 9d. per yard (could make up to required sizes).

THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOM, SMOKING LOUNGES, and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Georgian and Early Victorian, **the small complete suites, including Sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, etc., offered for 10 Guineas,** the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 Guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked to clear. Quantity of Cottage Wheel-back chairs at 5s.

LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS covered in real hide, finely sprung and upholstered, offered at 3 GUINEAS. Condition equal to new.

DRAWING ROOMS COMPRISE a large and choice selection of Settees and Lounge Easy Chairs with coverings of old French Aubusson Tapestry, Silk Velvet and Italian Genoa Velvet. One set in choicely carved and gilt frames being a replica of a set in the Chantilly Palace. **Several fine settees covered in Art Linen from 3 Guineas, with Lounge Easy Chairs to match from 35s.** In most cases quite unsoiled and worth treble the price quoted.

Several Axminster PILE CARPETS, scarcely soiled, from 3 GUINEAS; also several choice Real Persian, Turkey, and other Oriental makes of lovely design and colourings.

BABY GRAND PIANOFORTE. Exquisite tone, offered at 78 GUINEAS, and uprights from 10 Guineas.

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 274)

over comparatively narrow and steeply cambered roads with many bends. With a full-size five-seater saloon under such conditions religious observance of the rules of the road, for instance on right-hand bends, can involve a lot of pulling and hauling and not a few anxious moments as the car swings over on to the wrong bank for a turn. The Alvis behaved perfectly. It shows how much depends on correct suspension. Your true sports model will attain the same perfection at high speeds, but at slow speeds it will be harshly sprung. With the Alvis there seemed to be no difference in the comfort of its suspension at either end of its very considerable speed range.

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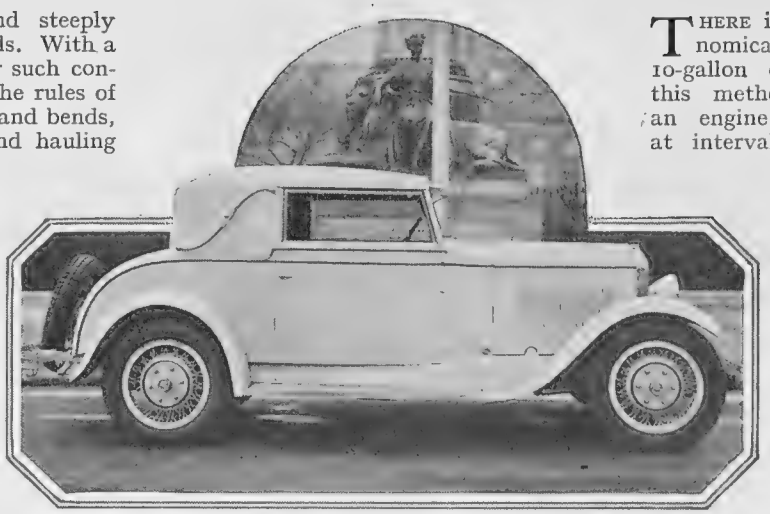


An attractive Minerva Saloon Coupé. The coachwork is by the famous Carrosserie Van den Plas

INCIDENTALLY, the bodywork deserves more than a word of praise. It is constructed on the patented Alvista flexible system and is absolutely without squeak, rattle, or drum, though the car tested had done over 6,000 miles. The price of this model is £695. It is a lot of money to justify for a 16 h.p. six with a four-bearing crankshaft and no special elaboration of equipment, such as revolution counter, or even radiator thermometer. But I am satisfied that the combination of those little differences that justify such a price is there. Altogether a car for the connoisseur, a car that should last indefinitely, a road companion of a most charming and delightful personality.

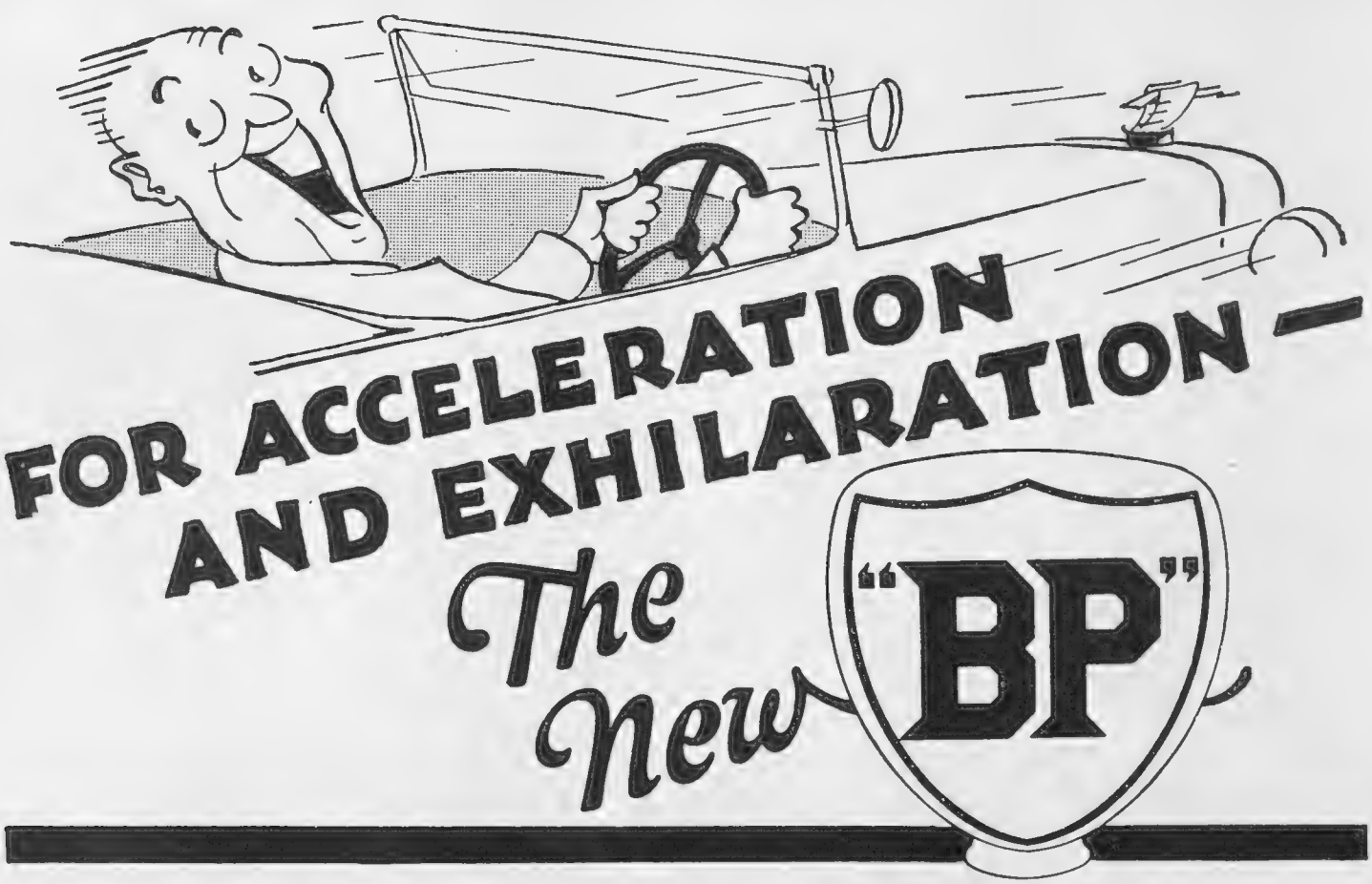
TESTIMONIALS to car performance have little value unless they contain authentic figures. The Morris people have recently sent me a remarkable letter from Mr. W. Firman Sawyer, of Birchington-on-Sea, relating to a Morris Minor purchased last spring. "My record," he writes, "starts with the speedometer at 528, and using exactly 7 gallons of 'Shell' it now registers 940, showing a distance travelled of 412 miles—an average of 58 6/7th m.p.g. No replenishment of oil in the sump has yet been necessary, nor any other expenditure. I shall continue to keep similar records, and when the engine has been well run in even these may be surpassed.

THERE is no doubt that the most economical way of buying oil is in 5- or 10-gallon drums, but the objection to this method of drawing lubricant for an engine that only requires a little at intervals is that the drum is difficult to get at unless it is raised off the floor, and there is no means of checking the amount of oil. This has been solved by the Speedolene people who supply the "Speedo" drum stand, with quart measure complete, for the price of 10*s*. The stand occupies a floor space of only 20in. by 18in., and, of course, every Speedolene drum is sent out fitted with a patent anti-drip telescopic tap. The outfit may be obtained through any garage.

***

THOSE interested in horses will often have conjectured how they train those wonderful animals which carry the officers of the Metropolitan Police so imperturbably amidst the alarums and excursions of London traffic. The "novices" are given training lasting from ten weeks to three months. There are dummies counterfeiting trains, motor cars, tramway cars, level-crossing gates, bridges and aeroplanes. To accustom them to fire and smoke the horses pass between bonfires. A catapult arrangement fixed to a tree sends a newspaper fluttering between the horses' legs. The police act as crowds, throwing missiles in the shape of rubber balls.

E. M. W.



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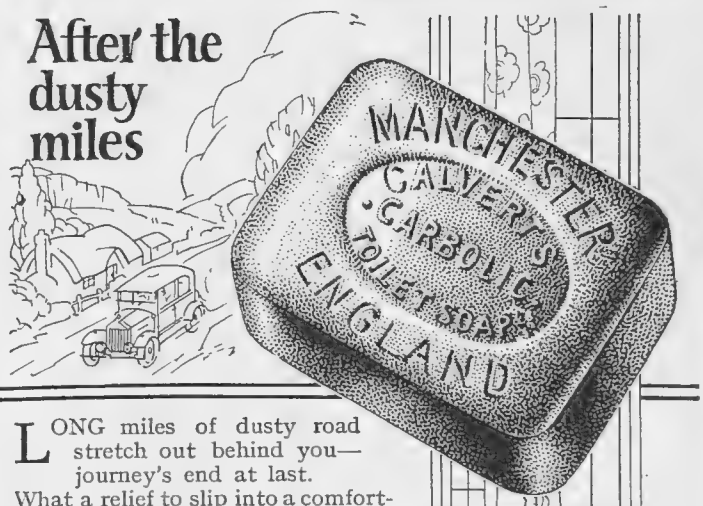
After the dusty miles



LONG miles of dusty road stretch out behind you—journey's end at last.

What a relief to slip into a comforting bath—to feel the grime and dirt of the dusty miles being gently dispelled under the benign influence of Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap.

Out of the bath you come—refreshed and invigorated—ready for any pleasure the evening has in store —your complexion, too, all the better for the gentle beauty treatment hidden in every tablet of

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SPEED RACING EFFORTS: Miss Carstairs & Kaye Don

Keystone View

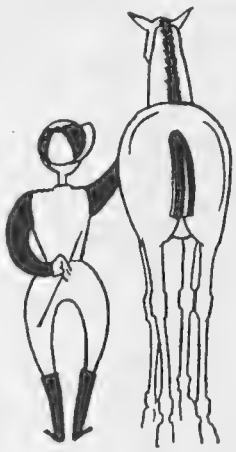
Miss Carstairs and Captain Campbell Marshall going on board the former's racing motor boat, Estelle IV. Miss Carstairs has great hopes of record breaking in this racer, which is the most powerful ever built in Great Britain

Photopress

Kaye Don, the racing motorist, at the wheel of his speed boat in which he has been trying to make a record dash from Dover to Calais and back. Although he cannot swim a stroke, he has had the boat out in rough seas and has narrowly escaped being sunk

THE AGE OF SPEED

ON land and water and in the air the craze for greater and greater speed increases daily. After a series of record-breaking runs at Brooklands Mr. Kaye Don, the racing motorist, has followed the example of the world's record holder, Sir Henry Segrave, and turned his hand to motor-boat speeding in an attempt to establish a record time for a dash from Dover to Calais and back. Miss Carstairs, one of the keenest of motor boat racing enthusiasts, now owns the most powerful craft ever made in Great Britain, and has entered it for Cowes, whilst the aerial speed records may well be broken this year when the Schneider Cup racing takes place. Meanwhile the German liner, Bremen, has broken the long-standing Transatlantic record set up by the Mauretania; British motor engineers are at work on a car which they hope will beat the record set up by the Golden Arrow; long-distance flight records are continually being lowered—truly the lure of speed has the world firmly in its clutches!



RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Close attention should be paid in the near future to horses well backed on the Scottish circuit. I have selected a few this week, and they should be supported each way with others not seen out since being mentioned in my lists.

KEAN

(Ch. C., by Teddy—Sarah)
Owner Mr. J. A. de Rothschild. Trainer, Pratt.
Ran unplaced to The MacNab at Ascot, and failed to get a place at Leicester in the Prince of Wales's Handicap (one mile). There was "blower" money for him.

RIALTO BRIDGE

(Ch. C., by Noblesse Oblige—Sunny Florence). Owner, Sir E. Wills. Trainer, de Winton. Beaten a head in the last few strides by Helvetic in the Belvoir Castle Handicap Plate (six furlongs) at Leicester. Was well backed. Finished third to Virgo over five furlongs at Bath.

TIP AND RUN

(Ch. G., by Flying Orb—Tippytoes). Owner and Trainer, Mr. J. Wickham. Was a good order at Bogside to win the Cuninghame Selling Handicap Plate (five furlongs). Finished seventh. He was also unplaced at Edinburgh in April.

TANAWA

(Br. C., by Meleaser—Kilcarne). Owner, Mrs. J. A. Pavis. Trainer, H. Leader. A bad third to Blue Lad in the Eglington Handicap Plate (one mile) at Bogside. Was soundly supported. When he won at Haydock Park in June the distance was six furlongs.

UNCLE DICK

(B. C., by Knockands—Eerie). Owner, Mr. C. E. Howard. Trainer, R. Armstrong. Started favourite in the Cramond Handicap Plate (five furlongs) at Edinburgh, and was beaten a short head. Was confidently supported. Won earlier in the month over a similar distance at Carlisle.

MINNIE HA HA

(Br. G., by My Ronald—Queer Kate). Owner, Mr. J. Kinney. Trainer, Kelly. After being heavily backed could only finish fifth in a field of seven in the Edinburgh Summer Handicap (one mile and a half) at Edinburgh. Occupied second place in his previous race at Lanark.

A Holiday in a Motor Caravan

To-day it is quite a usual thing to meet on the road a car hauling a caravan, for the motor car-caravan for a holiday is becoming more and more popular. It is comparatively cheap, there are no hotel bills to pay, and the owner can usually select the rustic surroundings to please himself, as in the above photograph

CLEMENCE DANE writes on The Book of the Month

"HENRY VIII"
By FRANCIS HACKETT
(J. Cape : Price 7s. 6d.)

The Book Society has already earned the gratitude of thousands of readers by the service it renders them in advising them once a month of a really good book to buy. The Selection Committee, consisting of Mr. Hugh Walpole as Chairman, Mr. J. B. Priestley, Miss Clemence Dane and Miss Sylvia Lynd, review the new books and then pick upon one which they recommend. Full particulars of the Society's aims and work may be obtained on application to 38, Grosvenor Place, London

FACT will always have this advantage over fiction that the majority of readers prefer to read about real life. Writers with what we call "universal appeal" used to go to history as a matter of course for their plots. The romances of the Middle Ages and the dramas of the Elizabethans are alike based on fact, though it may be admitted that the fact is buried very deep. With the coming of the early novelists English fiction gained its first real victory, but it was not a complete one, for Scott revived the love of history by perfecting the historical romance. Fiction, however, was not beaten. The invented tale of imaginary people flourished side by side with the invented tale about real people, and by the beginning of our own century had monopolised the attention of the general reader. But since the War the position has once more been reversed. The novel that deals with purely imaginary scenes is now neglected for the sake of the War-book, which is thinly disguised autobiography, and for the fashion of taking historical characters and presenting them as irreverently as the Elizabethans did Plutarch's heroes.

❋

THE writers who follow this fashion call themselves "psycho-historians," and the result of their enterprise is a new and lively novel-form masquerading as historical biography. It is a form specially designed to attract by its ease and picturesqueness the man or woman who is fond of reading but is also busy, tired, possibly slackened by the cinema. The new biographers very wisely adapt the cinema manner to their own purposes. They have, to a certain extent, the caption mind; the word "continuity" means much to them; they will admit no gap or inexplicability in their chronicle, to avoid which they improvise conversations, overhear thoughts, and guess at motives. That is to say, they present conclusions that they themselves have drawn from a series of facts, instead of following the example of the traditional historian who gives the facts and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. This saves the reader time and labour, and is a fascinating form; the only danger of the method lies in the fact that the inexperienced reader may take a writer's personal impression for utter truth.

❋

MR. HACKETT, who has just published a very remarkable study of Henry VIII and his reign, does most carefully guard his work from this danger. He is a psycho-historian, but he is no reckless one. He does not confuse the functions of the novelist with the function of the chronicler. As he says in his preface:—

"A word as to conversations. Thanks to the astonishingly full diplomatic correspondence, I could stick to the record and yet quote direct speech."

He describes the sources—"so rich as to be almost inexhaustible"—and concludes his foreword thus: "To be *then*-minded, to use imagination and intuition, to suggest life, this is the task of the psycho-historian. But no vividness excuses infidelity to the facts, and I have sought to base this history entirely on the material provided by the unselfish labour of a host of scholars, who in matters of fact must have the last word."

HENRY VIII (*Circa* 1540)
From the chalk drawing by Holbein in the Royal Print Cabinet, Munich

THIS conviction, that "no vividness excuses infidelity of facts," at once catches the reader's attention. It makes him relax his wariness and prepare whole-heartedly to enjoy Mr. Hackett's vividness. Mr. Hackett does not, perhaps, substantiate his claim to be "*then*-minded." It would be truer to say that he presents his fifteenth-century characters as *now*-minded; but he most certainly gives a picture of Henry and his Court that is entirely alive. Nor does he give a picture of England alone; all Europe is Henry's background. Mr. Hackett strays easily from Paris to Madrid, from Madrid to Rome, and takes the reader with him. He is an excellent guide; he has an eye for landmarks and significant views, and knows how to describe them; his is the style, indeed, of the talker rather than of the writer.

❋

HE is sometimes a careless talker. He can talk of Maximilian's "spotty military activity," and say that "while he seemed merely interstitial in the Empire, rummaging in the wainscots of Germany, his son Philip, Charles's father, had a definite address at Brussels." Nothing could be better than his description of Parliament during Henry's illness:—

"His condition grew worse hour by hour; while Parliament, like a good dog, watched for movement or token of the master."

❋

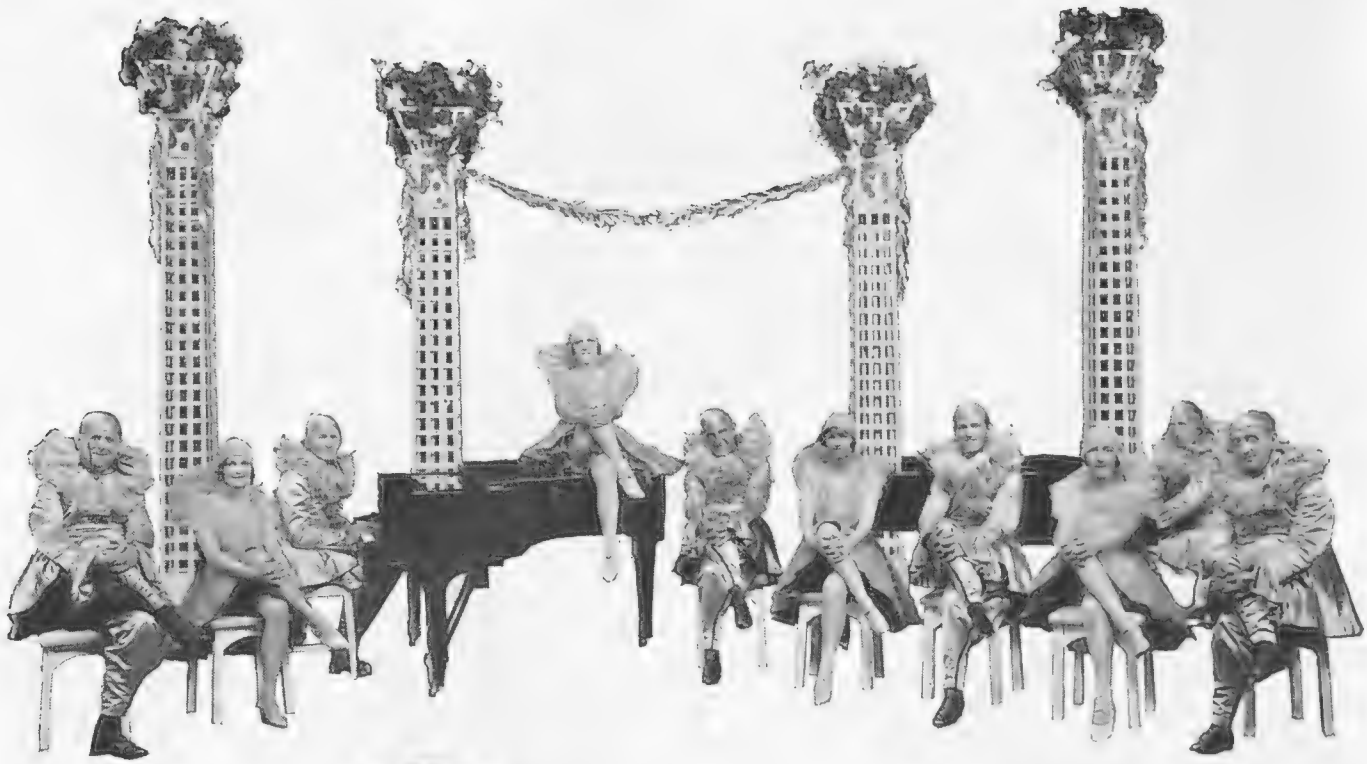
BOTH phrases are typical of a lively writer who, in spite of an uncontrolled passion for figurative language, has given us a valuable book. For Mr. Hackett has done an almost impossibly difficult thing: he has made Henry VIII not only credible but comprehensible; an English tyrant of fact, not an Arabian Nights despot. Henry remains a horrible "piece of nature," but he is natural. His six wives, too, are drawn with equal skill and imagination; the account of Anne Boleyn being, perhaps, the least satisfactory. The reader feels that it is lack of space rather than lack of understanding that here hampers Mr. Hackett. His portraits of Catherine of Aragon and Katherine Parr are particularly illuminating; so is the sketch of Anne of Cleves, who "quite liked" Bluebeard, and found him tiresome and comical rather than terrifying.

Mr. Hackett's style may irritate, but that does not prevent one from finishing the book at a sitting. Then one abuses it a little, thinks about it a great deal, and in two days picks it up and reads it over again.

BY KIPPA

WACING AND FWILLS

THE CO-OPS COME BACK



"GOOD EVENING, EVERYBODY"

The new Co-Optimists, who recently returned to the theatrical fray, seen in their famous opening number. Almost all the original members of the cast are back in harness at the Vaudeville Theatre

Photographs

"I'VE A SONG TO SING-O"

Melville Gideon busy at his piano. His songs have done much to build up the reputation of the Co-Optimists

Stage Photo Co.

WINGED WORDS WITH WAITER

Betty Chester and Stanley Holloway as the diners, and Sydney Howard as the waiter, in an amusing sketch. Every word used begins with the letter "W"

Fashions Fancies

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

With the coming of August the attention of sports enthusiasts is focused upon the moors of Scotland and Yorkshire. These suits, which will win instantaneous approval in the butts on account of their neatness and practicability, come from Burberrys. They would look equally well in one of the new gamefeather or granite tweeds, or Saxonies. A special feature is the pivot sleeves, which means that there is no seam under the arm, so that it can be extended without lifting the coat. This device ensures complete freedom of movement

THE AUTUMNAL SILHOUETTE IS SLENDER AND YOUTHFUL

Sheath-like Tunics and Princess Lines

THE advance models from the French *couturiers* prove conclusively that the styles for the autumn season have been created primarily for those who are tall, slender, and youthful. The new silhouette is sheath-like from the neck line to just above the knees, and then cleverly contrived godets, frills, or swaying draperies add movement and grace. The wandering waistline will be higher than it has been for a very long time, especially in front, a downward curve appearing at the back. In order to preserve correct proportions skirts will undoubtedly be much longer, especially when threequarter length coats, which promise to enjoy a tremendous vogue, are worn. For day wear about eight inches below the knee is regarded as a good length for the averagely tall woman,

These two little maids are wearing Tricoline dresses, which are as dainty as they are durable They look very like silk

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Blustering winds and heavy rain hold no terrors for the wearer of one of Elvery's storm coats, which will withstand a deluge

while in the evening dresses which are long all the way round, the deep hems being, in many cases, transparent, or ones which have a floating peacock train, are greatly favoured.

Practical Summer Frocks

NOW that the summer holidays are upon us, and, for the moment, the children's annual visit to the seaside is the most important thing in life, the question of their frocks is all-important. They must be cool, easily washed, durable, and fadeless, for they will have to withstand any amount of hard wear. Tricoline is a silk-like fabric which admirably fulfils these many demands. It is procurable in delightful plain shades and in very effective striped designs, and it has sufficient weight to hang well and to retain the original shape of the garment no matter how many times it may be laundered—a fact which makes it ideal for tennis frocks. Tricoline may be obtained practically everywhere, by the yard, and in garments which are ready to wear. Should any difficulty be experienced a postcard should be sent to the manufacturers, 38, Tricoline House, Watling St., E.C.4.

An Early Autumn Ensemble

FOR country visits, for travelling, and for early autumn wear nothing could be more attractive than the three-piece *ensemble* sketched on the right of this page. It is sponsored by Contessa, 116, Knightsbridge, S.W., and is made of featherweight tweed in a red and soft beige mixture. The jumper is trimmed with tiny gilt buttons and a bow of its own material at the neck, and there is a woven string belt, while the flared skirt has two useful patch pockets. The unlined, threequarter length coat has an upstanding collar. An amusing feature of the neat red felt hat is the animals which surround the crown. Kangaroos, bears, and camels are so perfectly inset that not even the smallest stitch is visible. For the yachting enthusiast there are self-striped heavy washing silk frocks, with box-pleated skirts, and navy blue embroidered monograms, the navy blazer having a neat monogram worked in the same colour as the dress.

For Rainy Days

IF one is joining a shoot one could not do better than to invest in a storm coat such as the one illustrated on this page. Of double-texture mackintosh, it is guaranteed to be absolutely waterproof, even under the most severe conditions, and it comes from Elvery, 31, Conduit Street, W. Cut on generous lines, it has a two-way collar and a slit at the back, with a fan-shaped inset, which, when it is unbuttoned, imposes no restriction upon one's movements. It costs only 90*s*. Featherweight silk weatherproofs are available from 45*s*., with little hats to match at 18*s*. 6*d*. each.

For golf or for walking there are waterproof silk suits, with short coats and skirts which button and can be worn over one's ordinary costume. They are priced at 4½ guineas.

Featherweight red and beige tweed makes this three-piece suit from Contessa. The threequarter length coat is Fashion's latest favourite

EVENING AT COWES

Watch her at the tiller in the sparkling sunshine, when a freshening breeze sends the yacht heeling over at a crazy angle. Then, as always, she is dressed perfectly for the occasion, sacrificing all adornment, except perhaps a single row of pearls. But in the evening she strikes another and a less defiant note. Then pearls inevitably take pride of place in an enchanting *ensemble* to which they give the final touch of loveliness. You could not, without an expert's eye, tell Ciro pearls from the finest ocean pearls; for Ciro pearls display those very qualities of colour, lustre and iridescence for which real pearls are so highly prized. These claims you can test for yourself by accepting the offer below.

OUR UNIQUE OFFER. *On receipt of one guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, complete with gold clasp and case. Wear it a fortnight and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, the money shall be returned in full.*

Ciro Pearls

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DOGS

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

By "THE KENNELMAN"

One of the most interesting type of smaller Dog Shows is due to-day (Wednesday) at Hook Farm, Bromley Common, and among others of the bigger sort next week will bring Shows at Blackburn, Burton-on-Trent, Blenheim Park, Woodstock, Portsmouth, Tring and Bakewell. Dublin stages its big Irish Terrier Club Jubilee Show to-day, and exhibitions have been arranged at numbers of holiday resorts for the month of August.

Space limitations make it impossible to reproduce the many interesting stories illustrating the sagacity, the often almost uncanny intelligence of their Dog friends which readers send in. There ought to be a kind of official annual register published for recording the more notable among these authenticated cases. It's not only that many give clear-cut evidence of the existence in Dogs of faculties separate from and additional to any we know, like scent, sight and hearing. They ought also to be recorded because the sum of them would astonish even those who know Dogs best in the matter of the material gain and service to humankind which it represents. In human and animal life-saving, prevention of theft, and the prevention of loss and destruction of valuable property, the loyal work of our Dog friends each year makes up a really noble and impressive record, specially meriting the practical consideration of all philanthropists, and, for example, fire, burglary and livestock insurance agencies, the police, landed proprietors, and the like; each and all of whom should in logic be generous supporters of dogdom, and of such organisations as the National Dog Week, the P.D.S.A., the Distemper Research Fund, etc.

Photopress

MICK THE MILLER

The greyhound which set up a record time for the 525 yards. He was recently sold for £800

Apropos authentic records of Dogs' deeds and psychology, an exceptionally interesting work has just been published (at the wisely modest price of 7*s.* 6*d.*) by Messrs. Hutchinson. It is called "The Dog: Man's Best Friend," and is by Capt. A. H. Trapman. It is a most desirable treasure for the doggy shelves. A book to have and to hold for dipping into at odd times after a first close reading, there is plenty of sound, practical advice in it, and, incidentally, in its "Technology of the Dog" section, a "Dog's Primer of the English Language"—most intriguing as a guide for teaching and understanding Dog-talk.

Apart from scientific evidence on the subject, The Kennelman has found that students of these matters who really know the Dog and such wild animals as wolves, jackals, dingoes and the like, from first-hand observation, are positive in their conviction that the Dog represents a separate and distinct race; that he always was Dog and is not descended from the wolf. Apart from the wolf's oblique eye, and other such physical differences, there is the significant fact that wherever Dogs are mated with wolves the progeny are mules and will not interbreed. The subject is informingly treated by "Middle Wallop," in the June issue of *The Kennel Gazette*.

Attention, please! Sometimes you can't wash me—I might take cold—but I'll be glad if you will just sprinkle Pulvex (odourless and non-poisonous insect powder) into my coat. Then I'll have no reason to scratch, and you'll have no reason to complain.

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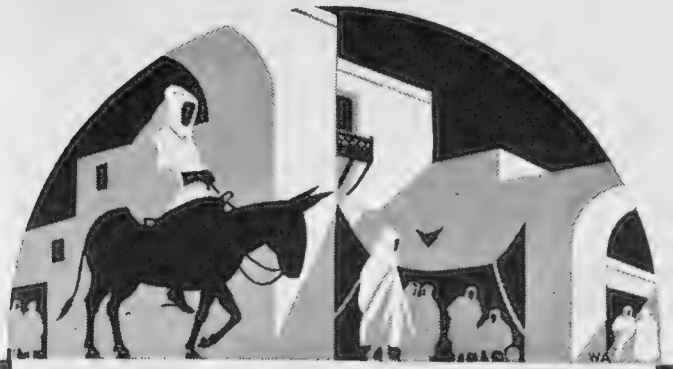

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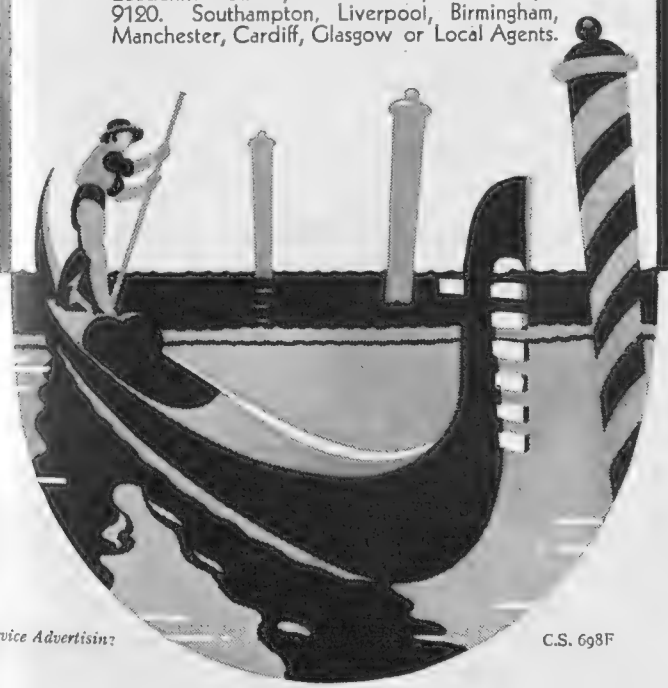

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There are also bad imitations of Melox and Melox Marvels —be careful to avoid them

You can get the genuine Melox dog foods almost anywhere; but should you have any difficulty, write to W. G. Clarke & Sons (1929) Ltd., Thomas Street, London, E.14, for the address of the nearest shop that keeps them

MELOX

Give Melox Meal in the morning

and Melox Marvels at night

Stuarts

THE EDITOR'S BOX

'Ware the Dog Days

Contrary to popular belief, the warm days of July and early August, commonly termed the dog days (Dies Caniculares), are so called not because of any definite relationship to dogs or "doggy" ills, but because they happen to mark the period within which the dog star "Sirrus"—the most brilliant star in the heavens—rises with the sun. However, whether it is or is not connected with superstition, it remains the fact that dogs do suffer more or less from the heat in the same manner as do humans, and it is sound wisdom, therefore, to expend a little thought upon the question of our pets' diet when the weather attains a sultry level. Foods of tested excellence and established repute will, by providing your dog with the different vitamins essential to health, ensure him immunity from such minor ailments as are peculiar to very warm weather. The many well-known products which are included in Spillers range of Dog and Puppy Foods will be found to comply exactly with the highest principles of healthful canine diet. "Osoko"—well named "the Paramount Dog Food"—is a perfectly balanced ration which is admirably suited to every class and breed of adult dog, whilst "Saval" remains unchallenged in its supremacy as the safest of all puppy-rearing foods. By way of introducing that element of variety that is so appreciated by all dogs, Spillers "Shapes"—the new small dog biscuits which are manufactured in four different varieties, each possessing its own distinctive flavour—represent the nearest approach to perfection in dog-feeding which practical experience and scientific research have been able to devise up to the present time.

In a Good Cause

An appeal will be made from 2LO in the Week's Good Cause on Sunday, August 11, at 8.45 p.m., on behalf of the Surgical Supply Depot, 23, Upper Phillimore Place, Kensington, W.8, by Mr. E. F. Slade, the chairman of the Society. This Society makes many kinds of surgical appliances for those wounded in the War, for children's clinics, for hospitals, and for the poor, and much of the work is done by purely voluntary workers. Its aim is to make, at the lowest cost possible, the necessary surgical appliances for those who would otherwise have to go without, or wait a long time while trying to collect the necessary money. In juvenile cases especially splints are wanted promptly and cheaply, and require constant alteration as the child grows. In a number of cases of real hardship appliances are given free. Since 1921 work has been done for 262 different hospitals and innumerable private cases. Money and work are wanted. Also the active interest and scientific co-operation of the medical profession, hospitals, and health workers all over the country.

MR. RONALD WHITEWAY

Who was recently appointed a magistrate for the County of Devon. The tremendous amount of good work he has done in developing the cider trade has been of great benefit to the Devonshire apple-growing industry

British Art Abroad

Their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden have consented to become patrons of the forthcoming Exhibition of Contemporary Art in Stockholm. The Exhibition will be arranged by Sir Joseph Duveen's national organisation on behalf of living British artists, and will be held under the auspices of His Britannic Majesty's Government. The Crown Prince has also consented to open the Exhibition, which will take place in the Galleries of the Royal Academy at Stockholm on October 26. Apart from graphic art, exhibitions of British art have been comparatively rare in Scandinavia, and this forthcoming Exhibition at Stockholm will be assured of a great welcome from all interested in art and in the promotion of Anglo-Swedish cultural relations.

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. . . Dad will say he wouldn't sell that film for a thousand pounds!

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And when the birds have all flown away from the nest and Mother and Dad are alone again, it will be one of their treats, now and then at nights, to have those "movies" which Dad with his Ciné Kodak is making of the bairns. What a treasure those films will be. What a miracle to go back twenty years; to see Peter paddling—running with a seashell to show mother—Peter who's in Uganda now! Father will say he wouldn't sell that film for a thousand pounds!

You yourself sometimes sit on the sands and watch the unstudied play of the children. Or you are in a throng of other parents at half term and see your son—a big boy now playing for his house. Do you realise that if you but let that fleeting moment mirror itself upon a Ciné Kodak—simpler even than taking a snap *and we develop the film*—you will have it for ever in all the living reality and poetry of its motion? What a miracle! What a treasure for the future years!

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EXTRACT Page 10

"I'VE promised. I'll never go for a walk with him again. I'm wrong. I'm wicked. But—I'll try——"

Lady Duske stood near the short, broad woman, who shook with her emotion; and then again they looked at each other. Lady Duske's cool white hand played with a pendant that she wore; a huge black opal, its changing fire rimmed in old silver and slung from an almost invisibly thin silver chain. It hung below her waist. And the companion's eyes went to the cool white hand on the fiery opal, and rested there. The opal—she'd admired it always; it seemed a part of the beauty of Lady Duske—for beautiful she seemed to the other woman. So they stood, in passionate and compassionate quiet.

Miss Ring stammered: "You believe me. It hasn't gone far. I—I—I've never let him even hold my hand. Never! Never!"

Lady Duske nodded.

"It's the first time—a—a man has ever—said he loved me. And I—I'm thirty-seven. I—I . . . it's meant so much; but of course I—I've promised the Miss Bertons it shall—END!" Again a sob broke. "Oh, as I look at you, it makes me wish I could be like you. So cool; and so good, and so wise."

"Try to be wise," said Lady Duske.

She was in the old-fashioned car, bowling along, looking at the back of the old-fashioned chauffeur who had been the aunts' coachman. She leaned back, slight, pale—colourless, Hexton called her, even while it approved and admired—her very fair hair in a very smooth wing on either side of her little felt hat. Her lips, pale too, and rather thick, quivered a little. Her excellent tweed coat folded slimly round her. She had a hand inside it holding the black opal that sent out its blue and green fires, seeming to warm her hand.

Soon—soon Southampton!

"Why haven't you let me know you better? Why have you kept me at arm's length? That first night I thought . . ."

EXTRACT Page 12

AND then, even as the cablegram's message still went through her like wine warming her veins, she heard the rap on the door; the rap gay and rhythmic—not needing to be subdued at this time of day. The door opened swiftly; shut swiftly. She was in Bernard's arms.

"Oh, at last!"

"At last!"

They listened every now and then acutely for the steward with baggage. When he came, the door was hooked back and they were standing apart. Bernard was saying: ". . . So unexpected to see you, Lady Duske. If there's anything I can do for you . . . ."

Stewards are knowledgeable but prefer to have nothing to know. He was gone again. Again the door was shut.

Again they kissed consumingly.

"It's going to be a wonderful voyage, sweetheart."

"Where's your cabin?"

"Where do you think? Next to yours."

"About the ship we'll be very formal——"

"Of course. But we sha'n't always be 'about' the ship . . . We're both at the captain's table. I've looked."

"You would be. I suppose I naturally would, too."

"Lovely girl! You look too wonderful. Your face has changed since I came in."

Her face had softened; flowered. She had slipped her mask off for him. She laughed.

She sighed: "It's been just starvation . . . . ."

"It was bad luck my being sent to Berlin for so long; but what magnificent luck to be sent to Washington; and to have you able to cross, too!"

"It's a year since——"

"The one and only time when we——"

She stood closely enfolded by his arms, stroking his eyebrow with the tip of a finger, smiling into his eyes, her own half closed.

"And at New York——"

"We part again—if you can't join me in . . . ."

Daring, wanton, outrageous—call her what you will—Lady Duske, with that wicked opal glinting provocatively at her waist, was not a woman to look twice at and forget. Yet she was "slight, pale, colourless." But with a "beautiful way of walking," as significant as the look in her eyes when adventure stirred and love was one more head-strong cup to be drained to the dregs. Her Ladyship—and her lovers—await your admiration or contempt in "Technique," a brilliant study of a woman who knew love, by May Edginton, in the August issue of BRITANNIA & EVE.

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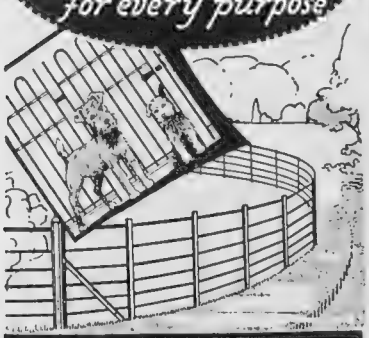

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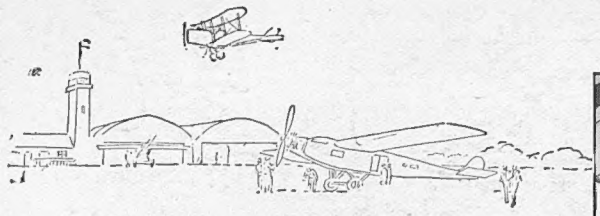

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